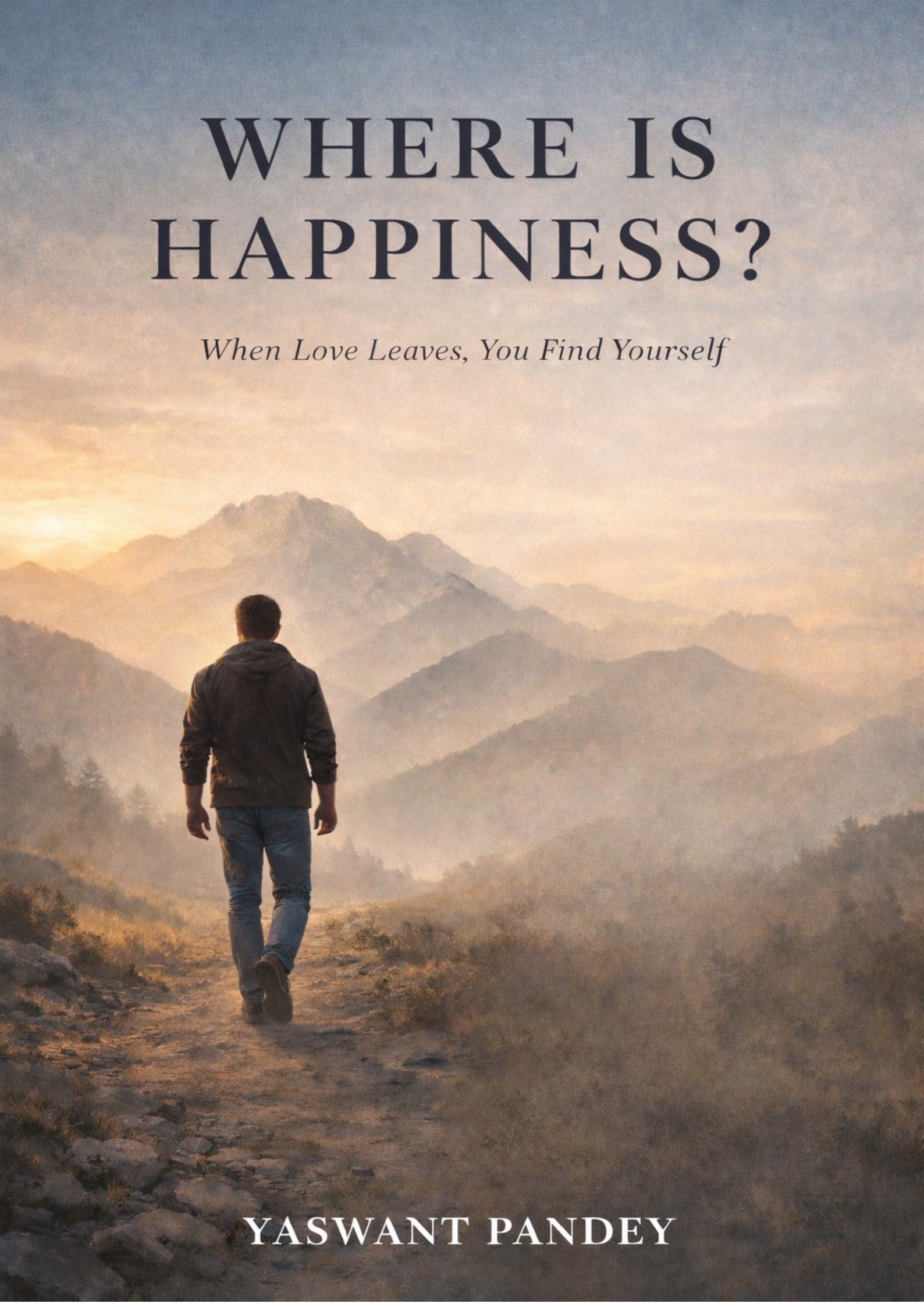
WHERE IS HAPPINESS?

When Love Leaves, You Find Yourself



YASWANT PANDEY

Dedicated to the Broken & the Brave

This book, **Yaswant Pandey,**I dedicate this to all those people:

Those who loved someone more than their own life, asked for only one name in every prayer, and always put someone else's happiness before their own.

This is for those who have forgiven, understood, endured, and yet been abandoned.

This is for all those who, from the first rays of the sun in the morning till the moonlight at night, waited just for the arrival of their loved one, for his message or call, or to hear some news about him.

Who always hoped that someone would tell them how she was – how she was, did she miss me, did she say anything about me to anyone, would she leave me forever?

Who, lost in many dreams and thoughts, waited for his arrival, and are still doing so.

This is for those who spent all night with their phones in their hands, waiting for just one message, and even after being broken, did not change their loyalty.

For all those whose eyes kept searching for someone's shadow on the same path every evening, but he/she did not return.

And when he/she left, all they asked themselves was – “Was there something wrong with me... or was I just right for the wrong person?”

This book is for all those who are still living silently, hiding their pain behind a smile.

And also to all those who are now learning to love themselves unconditionally... who are realizing that breaking up is not the end, it's a new beginning.

This is for those who are still waiting for a loved one to return. They hope that one day they will return, and then they will tell them how they spent their days without them, how they lived nights in their memories, waiting for them, but they never came.

Now, he's slowly coming to terms with himself. He smiles to the world, but deep inside, he's always saddened by the memories of someone. He's slowly trying to return to the old days before she came along, and how he's fighting for himself.

AUTHOR BIO

My name is Yashwant Pandey, and writing this introduction is no less than a test for me. I'm not a renowned writer, nor a famous figure known to the world. If I have any identity, it's simply that I'm an ordinary boy who has lived his life with complete truth and honesty.

I loved—wholeheartedly, unconditionally. I nurtured that relationship with all my heart, trying to protect it from every storm. And when it broke, I was completely shattered. This break wasn't just the end of a relationship; it was the shattering of every belief I had. I may have fallen to the ground, but that break taught me something else—how to stand up even after being broken.

The first days after the breakup were spent in a deep silence. I remained silent for a long time. My pain was so personal that I couldn't share it with anyone. I bottled up all my grief, all my sadness. I would spend nights burying my tears in my pillow, but the next day I would face the world with a fake smile, as if nothing had happened. Living this double life was very difficult.

But one day, the stifling pain became unbearable. I made a promise to myself—I would no longer run from my emotions, I would no longer suppress them. I decided to channel this pain. I began to pour my feelings, my memories, my questions onto paper. It was therapy, a way to talk to myself.

And while writing this, this flood of emotions, this churning of thoughts took the form of a book.

"Where Is Happiness?"It's not just a book; it's the beat of my heart, the voice of my soul.

This is the story of a journey I took, of loving someone beyond measure, of losing myself completely in that longing, of experiencing the deep pain of loss and loss, and of finally learning to pick myself up from the pieces and rebuild. It was a journey of 'reconstruction' that continues today.

This book is for all those sensitive hearts who have ever experienced true, selfless love, who have wiped their tears alone in the darkness of the night, and who are still searching for their lost identity, their true 'Self' in the crowd of life.

If you too have ever been broken in a relationship, if you too have similar wounds in your heart, then this is an assurance from me to you – you are not alone.

I've been through the same journey, experienced the same pain. And even today, every day, I learn something new from life, striving to improve myself. This book is a part of that learning process, and now I'm ready to share it with all of you.

AUTHOR’S NOTE

From the author's pen

As I write this book, somewhere in my heart, an old story still lives on. It began with love but ended in silence.

I, too, am one of those people who made someone their world. I prayed for her in every temple and mosque, and in every prayer, I wished we could be together forever. I felt she would never leave me, because no matter how much we fought, we would always get back together in the end.

But then, one December came, and everything changed.

He dumped me. There was no long conversation, no real explanation, just suddenly... we stopped talking.
I tried to reach him a lot, but he stopped talking to me everywhere.
It felt like I had never been a part of his life. Like I never existed.

He told me—
"Talk to someone else. You'll find many like me."
"We can't talk anymore. We can't be together anymore."

That day, my whole world fell apart in an instant. I was left alone—not just physically, but emotionally as well.

Staying up all night, reading old messages, checking his online status, and asking myself—
"Was I less?"
"Was I wrong?"
"Why did he leave me?"

I went through periods of depression, loneliness, and self-doubt. I would smile in front of people, but inside I was breaking down every day.

This pain compelled me to talk to others. I spoke to many people like me—students, working professionals, college sweethearts, married couples… College lovers, married couples…). Everyone's story was different, but the pain was almost the same.

Some were betrayed. Some were ignored. Some were replaced. Some were forced to leave. And most people suffered in silence.

That's because emotional pain isn't taken seriously in our society. We're told—"go ahead."

"Be strong."
"Time will heal everything."
But no one tells us 'how'.

This became the reason for writing this book.

I'm not writing this book to blame anyone. I'm not writing this book to blame any girl, nor to make any boy a hero.

I'm writing this book so you can feel—
You are not alone.
Your pain is real.
Your feelings are valid.

The stories in this book are from real people. Names, places, and details have been changed, but the emotions are absolutely true.

This book has only one purpose –
To save you from breaking down.
To introduce you to yourself again.
To remind you of this—
That you are worthy of love.
You deserve respect.
And you deserve happiness.

If even one page of this book makes you feel that "I am not alone," then consider my efforts successful.

— From a heart of all one side Lovers

HOW TO READ THIS BOOK

(A Message To The Reader)

A Message to the Reader: How to Connect with This Book

This book is just**reading**It is not for; it**Feel**have to do.

Some pages will bring a smile to your face. Some will bring back old memories. And maybe even a few will bring tears to your eyes.

Therefore, do not read this book in a hurry.

This Read slowly. Pause after each chapter. Think. Understand. And talk to yourself.

If you find your story in these pages, fear not. You're not weak; you're just human.

There are no heroes or villains in this book. There are only real people, real emotions, and real struggles.

Some chapters may leave you feeling angry. You may want to blame others, and sometimes yourself.

But stop for a moment and think:

This book is not about assigning blame; it**understand**It is about.

If you're reading this hoping to rekindle a past relationship, I have to be honest: this book**Not for them**is; it**Your**have taken

It wasn't written to take you back to someone else. It was written to take you**close to you**It was written to bring

Keep a diary with this book. Take time to write down:

- What are you feeling?
- what are you learning.
- What do you want to change?

Most importantly, let this book become an important part of your healing journey, not just a way to pass the time.

If you engage with each page sincerely, by the time you reach the final chapter, you will discover a new person within you:

stronger, quieter, More self-aware.

And maybe… happier.

PART 1 — LOVE

(Falling in Love)

CHAPTER 1: WHAT IS LOVE ACTUALLY

Love,A small, yet magical word, it holds within it an entire world—a world of dreams, a sea of emotions, and a sky of hope. It's a sentiment that has been central to poets' poetry, artists' art, and philosophers' contemplation for centuries.

Love is a deep and complex blend of feelings, thoughts, and behaviors that creates a strong sense of connection, belonging, caring, and mutual support between two individuals.”

The First Stage of Infatuation: A Beautiful Illusion

When we first fall in love, it feels as if life has given us the most precious and beautiful gift. The world suddenly seems colorful and full of melody. Suddenly, every little thing—a 'Hello,' a 'Good Night,' or even their 'Take Care'—takes on extraordinary significance. Slowly and unknowingly we start seeing that person in every aspect of our daily life.**Routine**We include them in our lives. The first thing we think of when we wake up in the morning is them, and our hands immediately start typing messages. Calling them before bed at night, hearing their voice, becomes a necessary ritual. In no time, that person becomes a part of our habit, a part of our identity.

This '**Illusion**' On stage, we feel intense emotional connection:

- "This is my future."
- "That's my world."
- "Without it I am incomplete."

But the question is: is this true and eternal love? Or is it simply a beautiful illusion born of intense attraction and emotional dependence (**illusion**) Is?

The Conflict of Truth and Expectations

The truth is that love always begins**Perfect**And it seems flawless, because at that time we see the person in front of us not in their reality, but in our imaginations and expectations (**expectations**We are looking into the mirror of a person. We don't see that person's true self, but rather the idealized version that makes us happiest, that fills in our gaps.

We are attracted to someone who makes us:

- **pays attention**(Pays attention) and listens to everything we say.
- **makes you feel special**(Makes us feel special) and gives us importance

apart from the crowd.
- It makes one feel that**"I am important and I am cared for."**

The Decline of Self-Respect: The Start of Dependency

During this stage of intense attraction, we become completely emotionally blind. Even "red flags" (danger signals) seem "green" to us. We make up arguments to justify every negative behavior of our partner:

- **Late reply**= "It will be busy, work is important."
- **rude behavior**= "You might be in a bad mood, I should understand."
- **ignore**= "You need some space, I'm getting clingy."

We do this because we have a deep fear—that person.**don't want to lose**It is this fear that forces us to sacrifice our self-respect.

This is a harsh truth: The first and most precious thing we lose in love is our**Self-respect**We unconsciously lower our standards and boundaries, alter our personal priorities—just to keep that person from leaving us, to keep them from leaving us.

Gradually, we hand over control of our happiness, our emotions, and our lives to someone else and develop this dangerous mindset—**"If she's happy, I'm happy too."**

But this isn't love—it's emotional dependence, which becomes bondage, not freedom. True Love: Growth and Freedom

True love is not something in which you completely forget yourself and erase your existence.|

True love is when you make yourself better. Move towards the best versions of yourself, and support each other's growth.

Love is a one-way transaction**giving**) is not about winning, nor is it about trying to "win" someone over. It's about a relationship where both people stand on equal footing—**On a strong foundation of respect, unwavering trust, and personal freedom. Signs of a healthy relationship:**

In a healthy relationship, your existence is no less important than your partner's.

- **You are important too**—Your mental and emotional health is paramount.
- **Your career is important too**—Your goals and ambitions are honored.

- **Your dreams are important too**—Your partner encourages you to complete them.
- **Your family and friends are important too**—they remain an integral part of your life.

Signs of an unhealthy relationship:

In an unhealthy relationship, all the attention is focused on just one pole.

- only **"That" is what matters**—their happiness, their desires, their needs.
- Everything else—your career, your friends, your hobbies—**Secondary**which are ignored.

Most people fail to grasp this fundamental difference. When this dependence is broken, they are devastated, shattered, and—worst of all—blame themselves. They believe that perhaps they didn't love enough.

Conclusion: Love is a Shelter, Not a Warning

The message of this chapter is clear and unambiguous:

Love is beautiful and life-giving only when you find yourself in it, rather than lose yourself in it.**to get**We learn—to accept our strengths, our weaknesses, and our true selves.If your so called 'love' is keeping you**weak, constantly insecure, or excessively anxious**If he is making love, then understand that it is not love, but a**warning**is a sign that you need to reconsider that relationship.

True and mature love will always give you:

- **calms down**—Gives stability to your mind.
- **Makes it stronger**—Energizes your soul.
- **Makes you confident**—gives you the courage to face the world.

It doesn't scare you, it doesn't overwhelm you, or it doesn't break you. True love is a deep and complex blend of emotions, thoughts, and behaviors that forges an unbreakable bond of respect, belonging, care, and mutual support between two people.

The first chapter ends here, but your journey to true love begins here. This journey is about knowing yourself, defining your boundaries, and choosing love that lifts you up, not tears you down.

CHAPTER 2: Accepting someone for the first time

There's a special moment in every story when a stranger suddenly feels like a friend. It's a feeling that touches the heart and lays the foundation for a new relationship. This moment is often unexpected, like a sudden light appearing around a bend.

beginning:

It all starts with simple things—a light joke and a little curiosity. "What are you doing?" "Where are you?" "What did you have for dinner?" These simple questions gradually become important.

This curiosity is the first step that allows you to peek into another person's life. You begin to understand their daily routine, their likes and dislikes, and their small joys. Each response opens a new door, strengthening the foundation of the relationship. This is the time when the seeds of friendship or love are sown.

Identifying Connectedness:

Then one day, you realize the day is incomplete without him. His late response makes your heart flutter, and his "Good morning" makes the whole day better. You convince yourself, "No, it's nothing," or "He's just a good friend."

But the truth is, your eyes keep checking his messages, and his profile picture catches a smile. This feeling, this uneasiness, goes beyond friendship. It's the first step that's drawing you toward someone special, a feeling you're probably afraid to name:**The beginning of love**Every moment spent with him is now becoming a sweet memory. But your heart knows the truth. You check their online status, pay attention to their display picture (DP), and start looking for meaning in every word they say. Gradually, they become an integral part of your life.

Feeling special:

When she shares a problem with you for the first time, you feel special. When she confides in you, you feel important. That's where it all starts. (Attachment)' (The engagement) begins.

You always seem to be available to him, no matter how much youBusy Why not? You leave your work to take his calls, and hide your problems so he doesn't get upset. Because, you just want him to be happy.

Change in priorities:

Loving someone for the first time means changing your priorities and narrowing your world down to just two people. It's that realization that makes you think, "This is love."

Truth of Attachment:

But the truth is, this is the first step towards love, and this is where most people make a big mistake—**Leaving yourself behind.**

When you put off your dreams, stall your progress, just to avoid being taken away—you inadvertently diminish your own self-worth. When someone begins to undervalue you, the relationship weakens.

Healthy and Unhealthy Attachments:

- **Healthy Connections:**In this relationship, both partners support and inspire each other to move forward. They respect each other's individual identities and allow each other the freedom to make time for their hobbies, careers, and friends. This is a balanced and secure relationship.
- **Unhealthy attachments:**In this situation, a person's entire life and world is reduced to just one person. They feel incomplete without their partner, and feelings of insecurity, jealousy, and overdependence set in. Such relationships can often involve emotional abuse or control.

conclusion:

It's certainly beautiful to embrace someone, but losing yourself in them can be dangerous. This is a mistake people often make, and then they end up facing loneliness and despair.

If you're making someone yours, learn to embrace yourself first. Prioritize your values, your needs, and your happiness. Keep your identity strong. Only when you love and respect yourself can you truly give and receive love from someone else. Only then will love last, and the relationship will be fulfilling and strong for both.

CHAPTER 3: Late Night Talks And Dreams

(LATE NIGHT TALKS & DREAMS)

When the veil of night envelops the world, a unique magic is created. It's a time when the external noise subsides and the inner music begins to resonate. The world falls asleep, but a lover's heart, burdened by the day's responsibilities, awakens fully. And if your heart is immersed in someone's love, nights aren't just for rest—they're for soul-to-soul conversations.

A late-night conversation begins with an innocent excuse: "Go to bed now, it's getting late." And the answer comes, "Yeah, just five more minutes..." Those five minutes, bound by the ties of love, quickly turn into a long, sweet journey of hours. The sense of time disappears.

The lights in the room may be off, but the face shining on the phone screen and the phone in handDevice It bears witness to how much light there is in the heart. No matter how tired the eyes are, no matter how tired the body is.**Lax** It may have happened, but the heart and mind are completely fresh.**Fresh** They are. Just hearing her voice sends tired sleep fleeing. The echo of her laughter washes away all the day's fatigue in an instant.

deep heart time

Conversations at night are far deeper and more meaningful than those we have during the day. During the day, we often wear social masks, make superficial jokes, or attend to important business matters. But the silence of the night gives us the courage to let our "I" go. This is the time when we don't just joke; we pour out our hearts and souls.

We reveal our greatest fears, the ones we've kept hidden from the world. We share our most precious dreams, the ones we yearn to fulfill. And we even reveal the wounds from our past that haven't yet fully healed—the moments that make us feel vulnerable.

And when the person you love, without any haste, without forming any

opinion, without judging, just says those things**listens** is—then a unique**Unique** It's a feeling. This feeling that, "This person isn't just listening to me, they're listening to me."**understands** This is the defining moment where love transcends mere attraction and becomes even stronger, built on a foundation of deep respect and trust.

The journey from 'I' to 'We'

After this intense conversation, the fabric of the future is woven. These aren't just empty words, they're promises of a shared future: "We'll go there on our next vacation." "We'll always be together, no matter what." "I'll work, and you'll pursue your dreams." "We'll build ourselves a small, beautiful home."

These fantasies are so beautiful that the "I" slowly transforms into "we." And we happily, unconditionally, entrust our entire lives to that beautiful relationship called "we." Nighttime conversations provide a safe haven, where the future seems bright and togetherness seems certain.

The hidden problem: neglecting the present

But herein lies a subtle and dangerous problem within this golden tale of love. These powerful visions of the future often blind us to the beauty and urgency of the present.

When we talk all night long and decide that "now this relationship is confirmed," "now it won't go anywhere," then unknowingly we nurture an illusion—

Illusion of Permanence

And with this illusion, we start becoming careless.

- maintaining the relationship**Effort** It decreases.
- the little things of the day**Hear** It decreases.
- the other person's unspoken feelings**Understand** It decreases.

We assume that the person is now our property, will always be available to us, and we don't need to do much anymore.

But, here's the harsh truth:**No relationship, no person is 'guaranteed' forever.**

Love isn't a fixed asset; it's a living thing. It's a daily choice. It's cultivated through small, everyday actions.**nutrition**You have to give it every moment**Honor**Have to give.

Late-night sweet nothings, a barrage of emotions, and big dreams about the future—these won't save a relationship.**Chapter Summary: Daytime Actions Matter**

The real security of a relationship lies not in nighttime talks, but in**day to day behavior** And **functions**is contained in.

If you say, "I love you so much," every night, but when he or she needs you, you**don't give time**, or his small decisions**do not respect**...then those loving words gradually become hollow and meaningless.

The final and most important truth of this chapter:

It's okay to dream and plan for the future—it's a beautiful part of a relationship. But to make those dreams come true, you need to live in the present.**not working** It is wrong.

true love It is not just an outpouring of words or emotions, but it is a reflection of your**everyday behavior**It reflects in. Late night conversations are beautiful**Memories**They become things that soothe the heart. But**Honor**, **faith** And **Consistency**This is the strong foundation on which a true and unbreakable relationship is built.

CHAPTER 4: When the world seems to belong to just two people

(WHEN THE WORLD IS LIMITED TO TWO PEOPLE)

This is the most 'magical' and most dangerous part of that love story.Stage It happens.

You and that person, slowly, become one for each other.**Safe Haven**We create a small world where the outside noise, the opinions of friends, and the expectations of family don't matter.

At first, this isolation is very relaxing. You feel like you've found your own paradise, away from the hustle and bustle of the rest of the world.

The Prisoners of Our Own World
We You become so immersed in this "world of two" that you don't even feel the need for the outside world. You start thinking:

- "I don't need anyone else."
- "He is my world, and I am his world."
- "No one can understand what we have between us."You become so immersed in this "world of two" that you don't even feel the need for the outside world. You start thinking:
- "I don't need anyone else."
- "He is my world, and I am his world."
- "No one can understand what we have between us."
- **A special kind of loneliness:**You search for them even in a crowd. Every moment spent without them is filled with a sense of incompleteness and restlessness. An unspoken fear creeps into you that if they leave, your world will fall apart.
- **The blurring of the world:**External things, whether it's career success or old friends, no longer matter as much. Their luster fades as your focus becomes focused on a single light. It becomes less of a love and more of an obsession.

The Illusion of Sacrifice and Importance

You consider every sacrifice you make as a 'proof of love.' You sacrifice your personal life, your freedom, and even your identity.

When We If you associate your entire identity and happiness with just one person, then unknowinglyWe They are weaving a web. This web is one of emotional dependence.

Where is the danger?

The danger is that whenWe If you burn all your bridges and start living on just one island,We It is forgotten that**You yourself are an ocean.**

If that one island—that one person—someday gets taken away from you...
Then you will have neither any shore nor any way to return.

This is why a breakup is so emotionally devastating. It's not just the loss of one person; it's the loss of your entire world, of all your relationships., And there's a simultaneous breakdown of your identity.

The message of this chapter:

True love doesn't bind you, it sets you free. In a healthy relationship, two people walk together, but each path remains open—both carrying their friends, family, and dreams with them.

A relationship that cuts you off from your world isn't love—it's a beautiful prison. Don't make your world so small that it's destroyed by someone's departure. Always prioritize your identity, because when someone leaves, only you remain.

PART 2 - ATTACHMENT

Losing Yourself in Love

(When love becomes a habit)

CHAPTER-6: Emotional Dependency

At first, everything seems normal. It's just missing someone, caring about them, or feeling bored without them. You mistake it for "love."|

But gradually, this feeling starts getting out of control.

Your entire mood begins to depend on their answer:

The 'control' of your happiness goes into their hands.

Your entire mood now depends on their reply:

- **If the reply came immediately:**You become very happy.
- **If the reply is delayed:**You immediately start feeling uneasy.
- **If they're online but not replying:**Your mind starts spinning countless worrying stories—"They must be talking to someone else," "Maybe I'm not that important to them anymore," or "They're bored of me."

You check your phone every second, searching for their name in every notification. When their name doesn't appear on the screen, it hurts a little.

You become emotionally dependent on them without solving your problems:

- **If they are available:**Your world is set.
- **If they are busy:**You feel deeply lonely.

As a result, you distance yourself from your hobbies and friends, thinking that**"Just them is enough for me."**

But this is not the truth.

No single person can meet all of your emotional needs. It's unfair to place this responsibility on one person. This is almost certainly false.
It's not right to put the responsibility of meeting all your emotional needs on just one person, because no one person can do it alone.

In healthy love:

You seek emotional support.
But you remain strong from within.
You clarify your needs and boundaries.
You respect each other's personal freedom.
You encourage each other to move forward.
There is trust and honesty between you two.

In unhealthy love:
You cannot live without them, as if your very existence is connected to them. This excessive dependence can strain the relationship. The partner feels pressured and suffocated, leading to a gradual distancing.

Summary of this chapter:
Love means walking together, not hanging onto someone. You should be the center of your life, not anyone else. No one else can make you feel complete until you are complete within yourself.
Happiness isn't outside, it's within you. Expecting someone else to fill your happiness is like trying to fill an empty vessel. Hold the key to your own happiness and take charge of your own life. Only when you begin to love yourself can you truly love others. Find your identity not in a relationship, but in your own being.

CHAPTER-7: Overthinking and Insecurity: The Invisible Enemy That Kills Relationships

Overthinking is an invisible enemy. It makes no noise, yet it destroys everything from within.

It starts with the small, seemingly insignificant things:

- Delayed response to your message.
- Abruptly ending the conversation by saying "Hmm."
- Suddenly disconnecting the phone without any explanation.

These are normal occurrences, but your mind refuses to accept them as normal.

You start getting caught in a whirlpool of thoughts:

"Is he in a bad mood because of me?"

"Have I become boring?"

"Have they found someone more interesting?"

One thought leads to another, then another, and soon the entire night is consumed by this mental turmoil. In short, you're sabotaging your own happiness.

Control stems from insecurity

This deep insecurity gives rise to controlling behavior, which often manifests as questions like:

- "Who are you with right now?"
- "Why were you talking to them?"
- "Why did you take so long to come?"

You may believe it's "caring," but to the other person, it quickly begins to feel like a "prison." As they naturally distance themselves, your insecurities deepen, creating a destructive feedback loop:

Overthinking → Insecurity → Controlling behavior → Emotional distance → More overthinking

This cycle is the most dangerous threat to any relationship.

The Truth About Commitment

The reality is simple:

- Someone who really wants to be with you won't leave just because you expressed any doubts or insecurities.
- The person who intends to leave will find a way to do so regardless of your behavior.

The real IlaJ

The solution to overthinking isn't to monitor their actions, ask for their phone, or ask for their password.

Rather, the real solution is to increase trust and communication in your relationship. If something is bothering you, talk to them calmly and respectfully. Express your feelings, not blame them.

The real cure for overthinking is:

1. **Self-Confidence:**Believing in your own worth.
2. **Self-Worth:**Recognizing your own importance independent of the relationship.
3. **Being Engaged in Your Own Life:**Focusing on your goals, passion, and purpose.

When you prioritize focusing on yourself, your insecurities naturally diminish. And when you're secure within yourself, the entire relationship becomes safe and stable.

CHAPTER 8: You're only mine

(Possessiveness & Control)

When love begins, some things seem wonderful. When someone says,**"You are only mine," "I am yours,"**Come**"We are one,"**So it's not just romantic, it also makes the other person feel special. It symbolizes a deep connection, an unbreakable bond, and a promise of complete dedication to each other.

But when this sweet feeling of love turns into a dangerous path, we realize it only when it's too late. I myself had no idea when my true and selfless love had finally turned into a reality.Possessiveness **(sense of entitlement)**My habit of worrying slowly crossed dangerous limits.**control**I turned into this. This unintentional change began to erode the foundation of our relationship.

The biggest mistake was that I forgot that she had a life of her own—a world she wanted to explore on her own. She wanted to travel, visit new places, spend time with friends, and experience the freedom I wanted in my own life. I couldn't see that truth.

I'm on it 24 hours a day**excessive attention**My caressing, questioning his every move, and monitoring his every activity began to create one problem after another in our relationship. I was convinced I was "caring" for him, keeping him "safe," but this belief was a terrible misconception. My caring was making him feel caged.

He doesn't care about me, but**independence**She needed her own space, her own world, and her own privacy. Something I, in my possessive pride, never understood.

I made a big mistake: I assumed that just as she was my whole world, I was her whole world too. I assumed that just as I had given up all my other social and personal relationships for her, she would do the same for me. I was convinced that she would give up everything for me, just as I had done for her. But this was my**The biggest mistake**The harsh truth was that she was not for everyone, but for me.**She was going to leave me for everyone**

As time went on, I focused on it.**assert one's rights**I started thinking she

was "mine," and only "mine." I developed such a monopolistic attitude that I felt I needed nothing but her. Yet, I never asked myself this crucial question:***What will I do if she leaves? How will I live alone?*** Perhaps she too never thought how the person who lived for her would live without her.

Even a brief silence from him was devastating to me. I felt as if my life had lost all meaning and purpose, leading to deep mental stress and anxiety.**insecurity**I would sink into the darkness of the world. After a day or two of intense fighting and emotional turmoil, we would make up again, and she would always come back to me. But perhaps, with each return, she would become emotionally distant from me.**and far away**I was completely unaware of the harsh and sad truth that my possessiveness was**she was getting tired**

Whenever she went out without telling me, my anger would reach the seventh heaven. The real reason for this intense anger was my fear of losing her.**Deep, ingrained fear**It was my mantra,**"Don't go alone," "Be on call,"** And **"If there's a problem, let me know immediately."**I foolishly thought I was protecting her, but I never considered what the point of being on call was—what could I do if something went wrong? My emotions were filled with anxiety and insecurity, but I didn't have the words to explain my feelings logically. To me, she was simply my world,**She was my everything to me**I never imagined my world would be taken from me so suddenly and brutally.

My love slowly**toxic anger**Our sweet talks turned into petty fights, heartaches, and bitter**Taunts**I turned into me. I didn't recognize the person I was becoming. My love, officially**control**I had changed. I began demanding that he do what I wanted, go where I told him, talk to me constantly, and limit his contact with others. Once again, I**completely wrong** Was.

Question:

Today, I unconditionally admit all my mistakes.| Yes,I had objection to his going anywhere.I fought unnecessarily, and I said the wrong things that hurt emotionally.

But one question still pricks my heart like a thorn, robbing me of sleep at night:**Was I so wrong that she could never forgive me?** Was our 7-8 years of deep, emotional love so weak that it ended in a single day, in a single stroke? Or did she decide to leave me long ago and was just waiting

for an excuse? If our love wasn't so weak, she would love me**Why couldn't I forgive you**? How can someone end a relationship of so many years, so many memories, in a single day?

The hard truths and lessons from this chapter:

When love,Possessiveness & Control If it turns into something, it's no longer love. It's a loving bond.**heavy load**And no human being can carry a burden for long, even if it is made of gold.

The essence of love lies in freedom. If you really want someone in your life forever, don't cage them.**Give me wings, let me fly**, and allow them to live freely to their full potential. Only then will they see you as their own**home**I'll choose to create, I'll choose to be with you. Love doesn't require control, but trust and freedom.

CHAPTER 9: The Burden of Expectations

It's not wrong to have expectations in love. In fact, the very foundation of human relationships rests, to some extent, on such expectations.

The truth is that without expectations**No relationship can work.**This is the foundation on which a relationship stands.

We naturally want our partner—

- **He understood:**Feel our silence, our emotions, our needs without speaking.
- **Give him time:**from their busy lives to ours.Quality Time'Let's take out a book in which only we and he will be there.
- **He should care:**Not just big show-offs, but show concern for us in small things.
- **He remained faithful:**Trust and faith are the greatest assets of a relationship.
- **May he always support:**In every ups and downs, in happiness and sorrow, stand as a strong support.

All these expectations**normal and healthy**They are a sign of a relationship. They show what we want from the relationship.

But the problem begins when these reasonable expectations**become a rigid, non-negotiable list.**When it becomes more of a 'to-do list' or a 'performance checklist' than a need for love.

one such list**Which grows bigger every day,**With a new rule:

- "Good Morning Sure Speak."- *The day cannot start without speaking.*
- “Don't go to sleep at night without talking.”*Sleeping without disconnecting the call is disloyalty.*
- "If you're busyevery hour Tell me.”*—Please report in detail what you are doing.*
- "Somewhere without medon't be happy”*— His being happy in my absence is a kind of betrayal.*
- "Me before everythingGive priority.”*—Their world, their dreams, their work —all after me.*

gradually, **Love turns into rules.**The taste of the relationship does not become sweet, but becomes bitter and full of restrictions.

and relationship**It starts to feel like an exam.**one such*Exam*Whose curriculum changes daily, and in which there is no scope for failure.

where every day**Performance Check** it occurs:

- Did you call today or not? — *Test 1: Pass or Fail?*
- Did you give me time today or not? — *Test 2: Satisfactory or Unsatisfactory?*
- Did you remember me today or not? — *Test 3: Emotions Score.*

And if even one thing (an unintentional mistake) is missed—then the decision comes straight:

- **“So you have changed.”** *(Earlier you used to love me!)*
- **“So you don’t care anymore.”** *(Your care was just a pretense!)*
- **“So you’re not the same as you used to be.”** *(Where has my 'ideal' partner gone?)*

In the pursuit of finding the perfect partner for us,**We forget that the person in front of us is also a human being.**He is not a machine.

- her too **There is fatigue**(From a long day's work).
- her too **There is stress**(of your professional or family problems).
- her too **problems occur**(Which he may not be able to share with you).

He is not a robotwhich is at 100% efficiency all the time**Stay right.**He's human, and humans make mistakes, forget, and get tired.

But we persist in our stubbornness—

That's for me **Be the best, my rules and regulations**Followed accordingly.

I him**Responsible for your happiness**I give them the responsibility. As if I've handed them the remote control to my happiness:

“If he keeps me happy (by following my rules), then I will be happy.”

And **This is where the pressure begins.**A strange burden falls on the partner's shoulders.

The person in front tries first,**Tries to be a hero.** They **It coordinates,**puts his needs behind**compromises**Just to save the relationship.

But **Every human being has limits.**Emotional and mental energy is limited.

one day he**gets tired.**inside of it*Courage* And *Happiness*Both end.

Then he says-

"I can't take it anymore. I'm tired." *(This line often leads to the breakdown of a relationship.)*

And we think—

- **“He became selfish.”**(He only cares about himself.)
- **“He doesn’t try.”**(Her commitment has diminished.)

But the truth is this –

He is just tired.burdened by expectations that were beyond his capacity.

burden of expectationslove slowly**It creates compulsion.**Love changes from a choice to a duty.

where to live**It doesn't feel like an election, it feels like a duty.**When a relationship*something to bear*If it is made, then people*running away* Are.

The Truth in This Chapter: The Root of True Love

Love **It is more about giving than asking.**This is not a business of give and take, this is such a selfless*Emotion*It is where you find your happiness in the happiness of others.

If you just**you will keep asking**(time, attention, perfection),**So the front will be empty.**Their energy, their patience, their love—all will dry up.

And when it's empty,**So he goes away.**Because how long can one keep an empty vessel?

True love is when you can say this –

"I accept you just the way you are. Even with your flaws and fatigue. I love you."*filling*I have come,*Below*Not to do it.”

Real love is acceptance, not a constant demand to transform into an unattainable ideal.

Love is a support, not a chain. If a relationship binds you,
So free yourself and realize the power of your wings.

CHAPTER 10: Losing Yourself in Love

LOSING YOURSELF IN LOVE

Some people love—they share in each other's lives. And some people lose themselves in love—they erase their own identity and become a shadow of the other.

I was a different type of person. I was someone who made love my very existence.

I didn't just love her... I made her my entire life. I didn't just have a relationship with her, I made her my center. My world revolved around her, like a lonely planet without its own sun.

My mornings began with her. The first thought I had when I woke up was her, texting her good morning. My nights ended with her. It was hard to fall asleep without that last text or call from her.

My plans were made around her. If she didn't have time tomorrow, I'd postpone even my important tasks. My decisions were based on her wishes. Even the smallest things, like which movie to watch or what dress to wear, her opinion was final. My own priorities, my own desires, gradually became meaningless.

If she was happy, I was happy. Her laughter was my greatest asset. If she was upset, my world was dark. Her slightest mood swings would rob me of all peace. I became a mirror of her happiness, never reflecting my own.

I no longer remembered that I had dreams. The dreams I'd dreamed as a child, the ones I'd begun to weave as a teenager, were all a vague memory. I had an identity. What I liked, what I wanted, what I thought—all of it had become just a small subpart of her identity. I had a life, too. A life in which I was the main character. But now I was just a supporting character in her story.

Everything was gradually left behind.

Friends. The friends I used to spend hours talking with started ignoring my calls and messages. Family. The relationships I was most attached to started growing distant because all my time and attention was devoted to her. Career. Opportunities for professional growth slipped away because I always put her needs first. Hobbies. My books, my gym, my guitar—all started gathering dust.

Everything. Everything that made me 'me' was lost.

Because I thought—

“That's enough.”

It was a terrible misunderstanding. I had placed my entire happiness in her hands. I had given her the keys to my soul, without realizing that if she left, I would be locked away.

I thought about her all the time. All the time. It was an obsession that was more than love. Even while I was working. Even in between meetings, I'd wait for her text. Even while I was walking. Even while I was walking down the street, my mind was focused on solving her problems. Even while I was sleeping. Even at night, my mind was making plans for her tomorrow.

My mind had become his home. A tenant's home where the landlord himself had become a guest.

I wanted to fulfill her every wish. Her smallest desires were decrees to me. I wanted to solve her every problem.**I wanted to be his superhero.**I wanted to make all her tensions mine. I wanted to shoulder her burdens, without thinking that every person should be strong enough to carry their own burdens.

I was think-

This is love. Unconditional devotion.

But in reality, I was destroying myself. I was offering a one-sided sacrifice, not love.

I remember how many times I canceled my plans just so she could be free. A friend's wedding, a family trip, I skipped them all to give her time. How many times I ignored my fatigue just to talk to her. Even when my body was breaking down, I would stay up all night just to hear her voice.

I hid my problems so as not to disturb her. Even if I was sick or in trouble, I tried to appear happy. I acted strong, but inside I was dying. This act was making me weaker every day.

I felt like I was making a sacrifice. I was being a great lover.

But the truth was—

I was diminishing my value. When you're always available and always put your needs second, you lose value.

I was a part of her world, but she had become my entire world.

This difference destroyed me. It was the difference between ideal love and obsessive attachment.

When she started to pull away, I was devastated. The center of my world was shaken.

Because I had nothing left except her. When she left, it felt like I had no anchor left.

No emotional support. I was already estranged from my friends, my family, everyone. No self-confidence. My self-worth depended on his validation. No self-love. I didn't even care enough to take care of myself.

Only memories. And the sadness that lingers within them. And questions.

“Where did I go wrong?” Was my love so little? "Why did I give in so much?" Why did I risk my self-respect? “Why did I forget myself?” was the biggest question.

Looking back today, I understand...

Love doesn't mean losing your identity. Love is between two whole people, not between one whole and one incomplete person.

Love means growing together, making each other better, supporting each other's dreams.

Two people building a strong life together. A foundation where both can stand strong.

Not the merging of one person into another, the merging where your own identity is erased.

The truth of this chapter:

If you love someone so much that you forget yourself... if their happiness becomes your sole need, then understand, that's not love, it's addiction. That's not a relationship, it's a disease.

And addiction never brings happiness. It always leaves a void that brings only pain.

But the good thing is-

He who loses himself can also learn to find himself again. This wasn't just the end. It was the beginning of a new journey.

And this is where my healing began. That pain showed me the truth that was hidden behind the false mask of love. And now, the fight to find myself again had begun.

Your self-respect is your greatest wealth.
Don't lose it at the cost of any relationship.

Your self-respect is your greatest wealth.

Do not lose it at the cost of any relationship.

PART 3 — CONFLICT

When Love Turns Into Pain

CHAPTER 11: The Unspoken Wounds of Relationships

quarrels over small things

No deep relationship ends suddenly, like a movie scene. It's not like flicking a light switch and everything goes dark.

It breaks down slowly. A little bit every day. Just like sand slipping from a fist.

Think of it like a transparent glass into which water unknowingly drips drop by drop—one drop today, one tomorrow. Each drop is so tiny that we ignore it, thinking, "It's just a little thing," no big deal. But one day, the glass fills up and can't withstand the pressure of even one more tiny drop.**And often, at the tiniest drop, that glass shatters with a terrifying sound.**Relationship breakdowns are like that too; the last fight is just an excuse. The real reason is the thousands of small wounds that preceded it, the things we didn't pay attention to.

The first signal: when the laughter stopped and the silence became overwhelming

Remember what was in the beginning? Every little mistake, every childish act, was met with carefree laughter. Joking, sulks, and quick reconciliation—there was love in them all. Even anger had a right.

Everything has changed. Everything feels a strange tension, an unspoken weight. That once light air has become heavy.

Earlier, if there was any misunderstanding, it would be resolved within two or three funny WhatsApp messages or a one-minute phone call.**"Okay, sorry, I misunderstood, it's okay now."**The matter was cleared up. Our focus was then on solving the problem.

But what happens now? Now the same thoughts, the same doubts, the same restlessness continue for days. We're no longer focused on the problem, but on proving ourselves right. We don't feel like listening to others because we've already accepted that**'We'**You are right.

The early fights were so sweet, so childlike:

- "Why did you reply so late? Was there more important work than me?" (It

wasn't a question, it was just the fear of missing out).

- “Why did you go to that party without telling me? Am I no longer a part of your life?" (It wasn't control, it was the pain of being ignored).
- “Why doesn’t your voice have that energy today? Why did you talk so little?" (This is not a complaint, it was my concern for your happiness).

Why did I ask all this? **Because I was scared. I felt incredibly insecure.**I was afraid I might lose her, afraid she was no longer the center of my world. I was afraid of being alone again, because having her had made my entire world hers.

But perhaps she didn't see this as love, but rather as suspicion. She felt I was doubting her personal freedom and independence, questioning it.

What I considered 'care,' a 'safety net,' she began to perceive as 'pressure' and 'binding.' And that was the first turning point where problems began to erode the roots of our relationship.

Second signal: I didn't even realize when care turned into control.

Gradually, that sweet voice, that soft tone, that sweet mischief began to change. The language of love became sharper and more logical. Logic replaced emotion.

- **Care** When **Complaint**It was done, I didn't even realize it.
  - *In the beginning: “Are you okay? Why are you late?”*
  - *Now: "You're always late. Don't you value my time?" You never care about time.”*
- **Concern** When **control**It was done, but I did not understand it.
  - *In the beginning: “I worry when you don’t talk to me.”*
  - *Now: "You don't care. You've completely changed. You weren't like this before. What's wrong with you?"*(Judging the present by holding on to old things).

And in response to this attack, she too showed the same pain, the same burden, because she too was tired:

- *"You're not the same as you used to be. You just keep fighting with me over everything, finding faults in me."*
- *"Let me breathe. These daily interrogations and accusations are mentally exhausting me."*

We were both right in our own ways, in our feelings, in our own pain. And we were both terribly wrong in understanding each other. Both of us could not understand that we were not from each other, but from that 'Situation', which had poisoned our relationship. We had started to see each other as enemies, while the real enemies were 'misunderstandings' and 'Insecurity' Was.

Signal 3: Every sorry is a thin Band-Aid, deepening the wound:

Every fight left a new, deeper wound. It stung, burned, and drained me from within. And the "sorry" that followed each fight—whether genuine or just a way to end things—would be a thin, transparent Band-Aid.

From the outside, everything seemed fine, patched up. But**The pain inside, which had reached the soul, would never heal.**That wound kept getting deeper every day, and every new quarrel would reopen that old wound.

Sometimes, in the deep silence of the night, I would ask myself this question, the sound of which only reached my heart:

“When did I become so bad, so controlling, so suspicious, a toxic person?”

“Do I really just love her… or am I just living in fear of losing her, and my love has now become my fear?”

But I couldn't find an answer. Only the old memories of her smiling, now filled with tears and a pain in my chest.

Then these arguments became a nasty, never-ending cycle. The same topics, the same old accusations, the same painful tears, the same "sorry," and then the same beginning. Only each time they got deeper. It was a hole we were both digging together.

Signal 4: Silence – it's not peace, it's distance

There came a point in our struggles when I wanted to win the relationship even if I lost. I wanted to prove that I was right, that my love was true, and that she was misunderstanding.

And that? Perhaps she was tired of winning. She gave up the fight. She surrendered.

So, conversations gradually became less frequent. Text replies became shorter (limited to just "Ok," "Hmm," or "Fine"). Calls became shorter.**And then, there was a deep, strange silence.**

But this silence wasn't peace. It wasn't a sign that the relationship had survived.

This was the distance.A union between two hearts, between two people who, despite being in the same room and under the same roof, were now living in different worlds. They had become strangers to each other.

A bitter truth written on the last pages of the book of relationships:

"When conversations become scarce, relationships slowly die in silence. Conversation is the very breath that keeps a relationship alive.Communication It is the lifeline of relationships."

The Last Pain: The Unspoken Regret:

Finally, when the relationship is about to break, the pang of "if only" pierces the heart. We take stock of our mistakes, which can no longer be rectified:

- I wish I had calmed down a bit and listened to him first.
- I wish I had not said those two-three poisonous, insulting words in anger.
- I wish I had listened to him, without judging him, without immediately labeling him wrong.

Because some words... they are like arrows.**They may be forgiven, but they do not go back from their heart or soul.**They get stuck there and keep hurting forever, like a tingling sensation.
Another truth we should always remember:

“Not every fight breaks a relationship, but every fight reduces trust a little.”

And when trust, the foundation of a relationship, is diminished, even the truest, deepest love in the world is left alone. Because love is built on the foundation of trust.

When no one chooses you,
So you choose yourself,
And putting yourself first.

Emotional Fatigue: Mental and emotional exhaustion:
Then we just get emotionally exhausted.
Fight every day.
Convincing yourself and others daily to be 'right'.
Saying 'sorry' every day even when it is not necessary so that peace is maintained.
Have hope every day that everything will be fine again.
And then... every day the same old 'disappointment', the same despair, the same emptiness.
I'd smile at her, trying to show her that I was strong, that I could handle everything. But when I was alone, I would completely break down. It was a double life.

Because I didn't want to lose her, but I couldn't make her happy either.**This is the worst, most painful feeling in which love and restlessness are equal parts.**

Truth of Life: A Truth Beyond Love-

Inspirational and final words:

"There is no winning in love,**has to be understood**Love someoneCompetition Not there."
"Where ego, anger, or stubbornness wins, the relationship always loses. It's a zero-sum game: one person's win is always the other's loss, and the relationship loses."

Even healthy couples fight. They may argue loudly and express their opinions, but they also respect each other.**respect**(Respect) never hurts. They know thatDisagree It's normal to be, not to be insulted.

Toxic couple They fight. Only to win. Only to prove themselves right. And the sad thing is, even after winning this battle, they end up alone, leaving behind only shattered dreams and emptiness.

The biggest and final truth of this chapter:

If you truly love someone from your heart, then even when you fight with him, you will respect him.**respect** And **Value**Don't lose.**Always maintain the dignity of your words.**Never say words you can't take back.
Because love is not just about saying 'I love you','**Respect**' And '**Trust**'Respect is gone, and love follows, leaving only an empty shell behind.
And yes...
If you're reading this chapter today and your relationship is constantly bickering over small things, and you're both tired...
So stop. Break this cycle right here.
Send a message right now, right now. Without any arguments or explanations.

A short message:**“ I’m Sorry… I was wrong. "Maybe we were both wrong. I just don't want to lose you. Let's talk, but this time just to listen."**

Maybe that one message will save your relationship from breaking apart and give you back the peace and love you both deserve.

CHAPTER 12: EGO VS LOVE

Ego vs Love (The Eternal Battle)

Love It is the purest and most beautiful feeling of human relationships, giving life meaning and color. But this love, in order to survive, always fights an internal, and often invisible, battle against a strange enemy—and that enemy is not an external obstacle, a third person, or social pressure.**The deadliest and biggest enemy of love is our ego sitting within us.**

Ego: The Deceptive Whisper

The ego is that cunning character in psychology that constantly whispers from a quiet corner of our minds. "It's this sense of self-worth that prevents us from yielding, compromising, or taking a step back, even when we're wrong. It's this stubbornness that distorts our definition of self-esteem, and makes us believe that yielding is weakness.

What does this voice say?

- **"Why should I say sorry first?"**The ego argues: "It was clearly his fault. If I took the initiative, it would be assumed that I am always wrong."
- **"Why should I melt first?"**It makes you want to wait:**"He should call first.**Or text them. They need to realize what they've lost."
- **"It is a question of prestige."**This is the most dangerous argument: "If I apologize, he or she will understand that I was wrong, and**He/she will always dominate me.**If they bow down today, it will become a habit for them tomorrow.

This ego is such**False and rigid wall of self-esteem**It creates a divide that leaves us on a cold and lonely island, far from the warmth of love.
Love: The Simple Path of Love):

On the contrary, the same relationship, the same pure voice rising from the depths of the heart, that is**Love suggests a much simpler and meaningful way.**The philosophy of love is not based on 'victory or defeat', but on the existence of 'us'.

What does love say?

- **"Leave it, friend, it's a small thing."**Love teaches us to rise above petty conflicts. "Relationships and peace of mind are not tainted by false victory and defeat and the debate about who is right and who is wrong."**It is far more important.**"
- **"What is important is to save the relationship."**Love says: Why

waste your precious time and peace arguing over whose fault it was? The end of an argument should be about saving the relationship, not someone's life. To prove the mistake.

- **"If a two-minute sorry saves a relationship of years, then what's the harm?"**The mathematics of love is clear: a small apology, a small surrender, saves from that great loss.|
- **But unfortunately, the sad reality is that this ego often wins.**And when the ego wins, the heart breaks, and the relationship loses.

The Invisible Wall of Waiting

After every small or big fight, every disagreement, between two lovers**Invisible Wall**It stands up. This wall is not made of bricks, it is made of**The silence, the never-ending stubbornness, and the wait for that one call or text.** On both sides, the same condition prevails, the same malicious idea prevails: **"Let's see who breaks down first. Who accepts defeat first. Who gives up their stubbornness first.**and this**Ego-driven waiting**In the middle of nowhere, precious hours become days, and days turn into weeks. Meanwhile, that invisible wall grows stronger, and the distance between them grows.**The emotional distance increases.**This gap becomes so big with time that turning back seems almost impossible.

The Author's Confession: The Blindness of Ego

I,(The author) has also experienced this mistake, this self-destructive behavior. The call of my heart was always clear: "Convince her. Ask her how she is. Go talk to her."**"Rejecting is also the most beautiful part of love."But the voice of that evil ego always overshadowed all this:**"No. If it was his fault, then it's his turn. If I give in today, it'll become a habit tomorrow. Not today, I can't be weak." And under the weight of this stubbornness, I remained silent. Each time, I harbored a false hope: “She will understand me. She will understand the meaning of my silence. She will come back on her own.” But the reality was that, instead of him coming back every time,**She would become a little more distant. The bonds of our relationship would loosen a little more.|** Ego is inside us**Blind**It blindfolds us so that we can only see and see**The insistence on being 'right'**Is visible.**We think we are right, our perspective is correct,**And the other person is the one who's wrong. But we never try to think about what the other person is feeling, what their pain is, and what this silence is going through.

When Ego Speaks, Love Dies)

In the solitude of the night, when the ego got a little tired and loosened its grip, then I too used to think –**Am I winning?** Or in exchange for this false

victory,**I'm losing my most treasured love?** But often when this realization happened,**By then it would be too late.** Because this is the most dangerous point in relationships: when**The ego speaks (loudly, with confidence)**, So **The heart becomes silent (completely silent)**And when the voice of the heart is suppressed, when its feelings are blocked, then relationships are damaged internally, emotionally.**die**Even though they may appear alive and normal on the outside, they remain merely formal relationships.**The Bitter Truth**

Here is such a bitter and**Sad Truth**One thing every relationship should remember is:

“Many relationships break up not because the love has vanished...**They break up because none of them is there to say, 'I am sorry,' at the right time.**” This mistake of two words, the ego of two words, sometimes ruins the love of years.Lil(Destroand) goes. I believe this today and feel it deeply—if I had given in a little earlier, tried a little earlier, explained it to her a little earlier, or just apologized a little earlier...**Perhaps the story would have been different today.**Perhaps those distances never come. But at the time, my ego gave me a false belief:**"If you apologize, you will become weak. Your importance will diminish."**

But today, through life's experiences and the pain of losing relationships, I understand— **Apologizing isn't a sign of weakness. It's a sign of maturity, courage, and commitment to the relationship.**Forgiveness is the golden bridge that connects two hearts before they fall into the abyss of ego. **Only the one who can give up his ego and give priority to the relationship is strong in love.**Because ego not only breaks relationships, but also destroys a person completely from within.**alone** Does

Inspirational Truth: The Litmus Test of Love

any There is one surefire way to measure the depth and truth of a relationship:

"A man who can't bear to lose you will never place his ego on you, or let it last long. Because to him, the value of the relationship is far greater than his 'victory.'"

This is the biggest measure of the health of any relationship, which we can understand in this way:

Conclusion: The Choice

If you truly love someone, if you want to save a relationship, then learn to keep your ego, your pride, in a small pocket, and don't let it need to be taken out.**Because ego does not make you strong… it only makes you lonely and unhappy.**True love is teamwork, and in teamwork there is no winning or losing, only**Victory of 'us'** it occurs

Some Thoughts & Quests for Reflection

1. **Question yourself:**The last time you had a fight with someone close to you, did you wait for 'them' to give in first? If so, what was the real cost of that wait? (Did you lose your peace, precious time, or depth of relationship?)
2. **Identification of the ego:**Can you identify the three most common sentences your ego says to you when you are angry or hurt? Write them down and discover how hollow they are.
3. **The power of forgiveness:**If today you had to apologize to someone who has suffered because of your ego, what would you say to him? Have you ever felt weaker after apologizing, or more peaceful and light?
4. **Scale of love:**In your closest relationships, are forgiveness and reconciliation sought early or late? What does this indicate about the 'health' and future of your relationship?

CHAPTER 13: IGNORANCE HURTS

The Pain of Ignorance: The Silent Killer of Relationships

Sometimes, the most painful pain isn't the harsh words or angry abuse that can erupt in a flash. It's the tears and the healing touch of time that soothe the pain.

But, what hurts the most is that silent, whisper-filled silence when someone silently ignores you.

This is the sadness that slowly, slowly dissolves inside, which makes no noise, just a deep emptiness.

The person who ignores you doesn't fight. They don't try to understand you. They don't tell you what's going on in their mind or what your mistake is.

He just goes away—for no reason, no explanation.

Earlier, where every thing, every small happiness and sorrow was shared with each other, where there was a series of long messages and phone calls, now only three lifeless words echo there.

“Hmm.”
"Good."
"Ok."

These three words, or similar short, dull, and emotionless replies. They're commonplace to hear, but for those who receive them, they're like a sword. These short answers inflict a thousand wounds, fresh every hour, every day.

I used to see that his reply was coming, I was getting his notifications…**But it did not have the same feeling as before.**That enthusiasm, that excitement, that feeling of belongingness, everything was missing.

It felt as if she was talking, answering the phone, but her heart, her mind, her soul were not involved in the conversation. As if I was no longer an important part of her life.**Rather, I am just a habit, a formality, a compulsion, which has to be followed.**It had lost its importance long ago.

In a last-ditch effort to save this relationship, I would sometimes deliberately put in extra effort.

Send a long, well-thought-out message.
Record a cute, smiling voice note.
Make a sweet and caring call.

But what could be obtained from the front?

a little late**Late reply.**
a rude, uninteresting**Cold tone.**
and the most painful**No interest**In his eyes or in his words.

And then the heart would scream and ask this question –

“Am I so boring that I have nothing left to talk about?”
“Am I no longer important to her, that she is treating me like this?”

Being ignored is like standing right in front of that person, but they can't see you. You're right there... but you're invisible to them. You're speaking, pouring your heart out... but your voice, your words, are falling on deaf ears. No one is listening to you.

Every night, every morning, I was entangled in these questions, blaming myself —

“Did I do something wrong, for which I am being punished?”
“Am I so tired of her that she’s running away from me now?”
“Is this the beginning of him slowly leaving me?”

But this*Why*The answer was never received.

only *silence*. **And this silence is very loud.**It's a noise that keeps going on inside your head, robs you of sleep, and pushes you deeper into loneliness.

A sad truth, a bitter truth that we understand late:

“When a person starts ignoring you repeatedly, he has already given up on you emotionally.”

He's only physically present in the relationship now, not with his heart. His mind and emotions have long since become independent of the relationship. He's simply a physical presence.

Then gradually, it*emotional distance physical distance*Your life starts to change. Calls become fewer. Messages become shorter and lose their warmth. Meeting plans start getting canceled for no apparent reason.

And you still keep waiting at the same place, with the same hope.

Your heart keeps giving you this false comfort:

“Maybe tomorrow everything will be fine, and she will be back to normal.”
“Maybe she is really busy, that's why she is unable to answer.”

“Maybe I'm just overthinking it, and it's all just a figment of my imagination.”

But your*the truth inside*It knows—

That nothing is right. This is just you deceiving yourself.

Motivational Truth: The Dignity of Letting Go

“Staying in a place where you are repeatedly ignored, where you are not valued, is simply a huge loss of your self-respect.”

There's a dignity in love, a self-respect that should never be compromised. If someone ignores you daily, ignores your efforts, the truth is that**He has lost you, even if he hasn't said it out loud.**There is no special place left for you in his life now.

Truth of this chapter: Being ignored is a very big and clear signal.

This is a signal that the person has moved far away from you emotionally.
This is a signal that he no longer wants to fight for your relationship.
This signal that he has lost courage, he*give up*I have done it.

And when someone from the heart*give up*If he has, every attempt to hold on to him will only lead to your breaking down. You'll exhaust yourself, humiliate yourself, and in return, you'll only get pain.

Sometimes letting go is the ultimate self-love. It's the only way to save yourself from pain and your self-respect. Move on and let go of the relationship that is now eating away at your happiness.

CHAPTER 14: TRUST ISSUES

Trust: A Fragile BondNo

Trust In other words, trust is like glass—flawless, shiny, and incredibly fragile. As long as it's intact, the relationship appears clear and beautiful. But once it's broken, despite countless attempts to mend it, deep cracks remain forever. Those cracks remain like a sting, lingering in every joy and every good moment of the relationship.

The Beginning: Blind Faith

When a relationship begins, trust is at its peak. We believe blindly. Our hearts whisper, "She will never betray me," "She will never leave me," and "She is mine." This trust is the foundation of a relationship, the foundation on which we dream big. But gradually, this strong foundation begins to weaken. Small, insignificant things that used to be overlooked now become suspect.

- **Late Reply:** The message that came an hour later now raises the question, "Where were you busy all this time?"
- **Busy Excuse:** Excuses like "I was at work" or "I was a little upset" now seem like lies.
- **Phone Silent/Hidden** Having your phone on silent or hidden from view rings a bell that something is being hidden.
- **Changed Behaviour:** Even a slight change in the way of talking, the number of meetings or the depth of emotions can seem like a sign of a major danger.

And seeing all this, a storm starts brewing in my mind. "Is something wrong going on?" "Is someone else taking my place?"

I, too, began to break down right here. Every day became a spy mission for me. I was looking at everything, everything,-He used to notice even the accepted things very deeply.

- Checking his 'last seen' or 'online status'.
- Breathing sharply at his delayed response.
- Even a slight change in his mood was a big signal for me.

And then, watching all this, I would convince myself, "She's going away from me." It was just my fear, which had become bigger than reality. The truth is—when trust in a relationship weakens, our imagination becomes increasingly dangerous. We create stories and scenarios in our minds that may never have

happened. We take our suspicions and imaginations as truth and begin to punish the relationship based on them.

> **"When trust diminishes, even the truth seems like a lie. No matter how clear the reason, through the lens of suspicion, it appears as a betrayal."**

The Conspiracy of Questions

Because of this weak trust, a shower of questions would start.

- "Who were you talking to for so long?"
- "Why did you go to that place without telling me?"
- “Why are you so late? Who were you waiting for?"

For me, asking this question was about "getting clear," about "setting things straight." But for him, it was just "suspicion," about "accusation." My approach of "getting clear by asking questions" actually eroded trust even further.**A poem:**

> **"Doubt ruined me, but otherwise, there was no lack of love. He kept doubting my loyalty, and I kept crying over his silence. He considered my every word a lie, and I kept accepting his every sorrow as my own."**

The Crisis of Self-Trust

Sometimes, when I was alone, I would scream to myself—

- "Have I become so weak that I break down over a text or an excuse?"
- "Did I lose confidence in myself too?"

Because **Truth**It's this: When you're insecure, when your self-confidence is shaken, trusting someone else becomes almost impossible. You attribute your fear to your partner's infidelity.

The real reason: The Wounds of the Past

Trust issues aren't always a fault of our partner. Often, they're rooted in our own beliefs.**Past Wounds**It is hidden in.

- Past betrayals.
- Old memories where someone broke your trust.
- Chronic pain and experiences.

All of this, like poison, seeps into our new relationship. And the saddest part is that the poor new partner, who is completely innocent, ends up paying the price for past sins.

"Not every new person is responsible for old pain and past betrayals. Don't punish them for a mistake they didn't make."

But when trust is low, we forget this profound truth. We start to live by the philosophy of "everyone is the same."

The Swamp of Checking and Anxiety

To avoid this pain and fear, we start 'checking'.

- Checking the phone secretly.
- Asking for the password and quarreling if it is not given.
- Spending hours stalking on social media.

We think, "This will give me peace. If something is wrong, I'll know." But the truth is just the opposite—it doesn't bring me peace, it just brings me more peace.**anxiety**It grows. Every 'like,' every new 'follower,' and every minor notification becomes a new fear.|

"We searched everything, from his phone to his heart, but the lost trust was nowhere to be found. Because what goes away from the heart cannot be found in any search in the world."

Love without trust: just fear

When trust is gone, even love weakens. Because love, without trust, loses its charm and becomes just a**Fear**It is made.

- The fear of losing him.
- Fear of being cheated again.
- The fear of being left alone in this world.

Ultimately, to overcome this fear, it is necessary to understand a deeper truth.

"Whatever is yours will never leave you, no matter how far apart you are. And if someone wants to leave, you can't keep them tied down even with a rope. Let them go. Your happiness lies in your own self-respect, not in doubting them."

Building Trust

The greatest essence of this chapter is this:**Trust is not sought.**You can't force someone to trust you.**Trust is created.**

- **By time:**Slowly, not quickly.
- **sincerely:**By telling the truth in small things.
- **Consistency:**By behaving consistently, reliably, every day.

And first and foremost—

By trusting yourself.

When you've made yourself so strong that your existence no longer depends on someone else's loyalty, you won't view anyone with suspicion. And when there's no suspicion, your love will be truly safe, free, and happy.

CHAPTER 15: SILENCE BETWEEN TWO HEARTS

The silence between two hearts

Some silences don't come slowly. They don't come like a change in the weather, bringing clouds, then a cool breeze, and then rain.

Some silences come in a single day, in a single moment. They come and fall on the heart like a big, heavy stone.

And when that silence comes, it's not just the loss of a voice; it's the change of an entire life, of every hope, every dream.

The same thing happened to me. Until yesterday, my world was filled with noise—the noise of your laughter, the noise of our conversations, the noise of plans for tomorrow. Until yesterday, we would spend hours on the phone. *Future* They were talking about—where to live, what the children would be named, *Good night* An important one before *I love you* Noise of.

And then...

one day.

Just one day.

It's all over. The noise suddenly turned into silence.

There were no long fights that exposed every weakness in the relationship. *Warning* The bell rang, and I could hear it to get myself ready. *Correct explanation* I got something that would at least give peace to my mind.

Just silence.

And when I tried to break the silence, to reach out, there was a strangeness in your voice that stung even more than the silence itself. You said the same two or three fragments every time—

“We can't talk now.”
“I need some time.”

That's it. An unfinished conversation, an unfinished one. *Reason*

Neither did he tell what the mistake was. *Was it mine, yours, or the circumstances?* Nor did he explain what was the pain behind this decision. *Why was it there, what was it for, and couldn't it be fixed.*

Only *distance* A wall had been erected between you and me that I could not even touch.

I tried every day, trying to push that wall.

Message sends a message every two hours, sometimes *funny memes* If it were, then sometime *heart touching* Line.
Call I would call every evening, hoping you would pick up, even if by mistake.
voice note So that you can hear my voice, and maybe your heart will melt.

But what did you get in response?

There was never a reply. And even if there was, it was just one line that would hit my heart like acid—

“Please understand.”
“I need space.”

And I, like a mad lover, tried to understand. *Google* But *The meaning of space in a relationship* I searched. I asked my friends, *'What's the point of asking for his time?'* I listened to every word *upheld* Which you left for me.

But the truth was—

I *Understanding* I was not there, I *broken* Had been.

Every night, that phone was my best friend and worst enemy. I'd fall asleep with it in my hand, staring at its screen over and over again. Maybe tonight? *Notification* Come, maybe he *Good night* Come back to tell me.

Every morning when I wake up, my first sight *Whatsapp* She used to go to. Perhaps she *Unblock* done, maybe *DP* Look back.

But nothing happened. Days, weeks, months passed.

Only silence. A deep, desolate, shrieking silence.

I myself that *silence* of *Logic* does—

“It needs some time… means he will come back. *Sure* It will come. It's just a small *brake* Is."

“I need space… I mean, he wants me *forgotten* No, just your *Emotions* To *Correct* Still working."

And I lived on this false, weak, baseless hope. I put my life on hold. Time was moving forward, but I was *pause button* But it stopped when you pressed it.

Days went by. Months went by.

But she did not come.

And I remained the same, because of that last word. *Loop* I am stuck in

Even today…

I *wait* I do. Even knowing that my *wait* How pointless it is to do.

Maybe he'll message one day.
Maybe he is a *Typing...* Let it be visible.
Maybe he would say—

"Forgive me."
“I was wrong.”
“I miss you so much.”

Just on this hope, this *One in lakhs* On Chance, I'm alive. My breath is on that *Messages from the future* of *Waiting* I move in.

Sometimes, when I am sitting alone, this question knocks at the door of my heart —

Is silence also an answer?

Maybe yes. Maybe *silence* To all *Clear* There is an answer.

Because when someone stops talking, when they leave you *messages* To *read* taxes too *answer* I don't give it to you when it's yours *calls* To *Rejection* If he does, he's already made his decision. *relations* To eliminate.

But the heart does not accept this essential truth.

Even today my heart says like that childhood stubbornness –

“She will come.”
“She will understand what I have done for her.”
“She will return.”

and brains, which are a little *practical* It has happened, every moment *Scream*- screams out-

“Give up this hope.”
“Move on, this path only leads to pain.”
"Save yourself, you can no longer *Disappointment* I can't bear it.”

But this tension of heart and mind*epic battle*in, whose*Battlefield*It's just me, I lose every day. And I come back after every defeat.*wait*I start doing it.

A bitter truth for every person who is*returning* Of *wait* doing:

"We often wait for people who are never coming back. Their chapter is closed, and we stand there, waiting for them to leave."*Book*the last of*Emerald*He insists on studying."

still...

We wait. Because humans*Logic*More than,*Emotion* It moves with.
because love*Logic*Not from,*Hope*It runs through. And hope is the last straw we hold on to when we're drowning.

The truth of this chapter, which I understood too late:
Silence is not just the absence of sound.

Silence means—

"I'm already gone. And my silence is my final decision."

And when someone*walked*goes when he*exit door*If it had stopped, then to stop it, to stop it*Reason*to give*begging*It is better to ask for it—

Picking yourself up. Stepping back from that closed door and starting your life anew.

But sometimes it takes years to sink in. First, the heart pauses, then the mind accepts.

I'm still learning. A little every day. And perhaps, this*acceptability*I am my*wound healing*Will start.

PART 4 — BREAKDOWN

Separation Phase

CHAPTER 16: “WE NEED TO TALK”

We need to talk

I still remember that day. Every moment, every second, as if it were yesterday. The dust of time has not erased it.

There was no special date to mark on the calendar. No major festival, no celebration that could be attributed to auspiciousness or inauspiciousness. No specific reason, no quarrel, no argument, that I could point to as the cause of the relationship's demise.

Just a normal day. A normal morning, a normal afternoon.

And that day my life changed. In an instant, everything *normal*. From *special*. It happened—but terribly special.

I was just looking at my phone. And I stopped when I saw her message. Absolutely. *Arrest*. It was as if my hands, my eyes, and my heart had all locked up.

“We need to talk.”

Three words. Just three words. It must have taken two seconds to type. But at the time, I didn't know that these three words were a *atom bomb*. It was like a blast that would shake my entire being. I thought it must be something minor. Some plan would have to be canceled. There must be some misunderstanding.

I immediately replied—with a nervous laughing emoji, I guess—

“Yes, tell me… what happened? Everything is fine, right?”

That's all I could write. There was a strange chill inside, as if someone had placed ice in my chest.

A few seconds passed. Each second felt like an hour. *typing...* (She's typing...) It would appear, then disappear. Minutes. Five minutes. Ten minutes. My breathing was ragged. I kept opening and checking the chat.

Then that message came. And the coldness suddenly turned into a sharp pain.

“We are no longer the same as before.”

My heart started pounding. So fast that I felt like it was going to break through my ribs. The sound of its heartbeat echoed in my ears. This was the line I wasn't prepared to hear. *Not the same as before?* Everything was fine until yesterday.

We had planned to watch a movie that night.

I that*Shock*came out and wrote-

"What do you mean? What has happened? Did anyone say anything?”
“What did I do wrong? Tell me the truth!”

I wasn't angry. I*desperate*I was desperate. I wanted answers. An explanation. I wanted to know where I was.*Fail*Happened.

He sent the next message, which was a*Scripted*It felt like a dialogue. Like she had already decided all this and was just telling me.

“I need some space.”
“I need time to understand myself.”

Space. Time. These were the clichés you always heard when a relationship was about to end. I remember standing in my room at that moment, staring at the screen with complete concentration, as if if I just stared harder some magical answer would emerge and say, "Relax, it was just a joke."

I folded my hands, kind of.*text*In-

"I'll get better. Forgive me for any mistakes I made."
“I won't do anything you don't like.”
“Please don’t leave me.”

I put my dignity, my self-respect, my ego, my pain—everything aside. On the ground. In that moment, I wanted only one thing: to save that relationship, that person. I had always prioritized her happiness over my own. And now she was slipping away.

But he wrote the line that broke my heart into pieces –

“There's no point in talking now.”
“I am tired.”

*That line.*It broke me inside.*I am tired.*These three words spoke the same truth: that I was no longer there for him.*Peace*No, rather*Burden*It had become clear that he had given up on me.

I tried one last time,*drowning man*Like—

"Give me one more chance. Please. I'll make everything alright. I promise."

But this time, there was no reply. The phone was burning in my hand. I looked. She was online. Under her name*Online*It was written. But not to me. She might

have been talking to someone else. Or she was online just to ignore me.

I kept refreshing the chat. Every minute, every two minutes. As if a miracle would happen. As if she would type, *“sorry, had gone by mistake. I love you ”*

But the miracle did not happen.

Just blocks.

After a while, I called him. *Busy tone.* Then I checked WhatsApp. *Last scene missing.* Display picture missing. Like I never existed. Like my memories, our time, everything was one. *Delete button* been deleted from.

I didn't sleep that night. I lay in bed, sleepless. I stared at the ceiling, where there were no images but my mind. *Flashback* Was driving.

I kept thinking-

“How did this happen?”
“Everything was fine just a few hours ago.”
“Until yesterday he *My* Was... today I am his *Nothing!* ”

Morning came. The sun rose as usual. The world Normal It was moving. People were laughing. They were heading to their destinations. The cars were moving, their noise seemed even louder than before.

But my world had stopped. *jam* Had already been paid.

I understood a profound truth that day—

A breakup doesn't happen when a person *“I am leaving”* Let it be said. That is just a formal announcement.

A breakup happens when a person *"try"* drop offs. When he loses his courage. When he stops fighting. When he realizes there's no future in this relationship.

And that day, he gave up trying. *War* And I, poor thing, kept fighting until he finally gave me the upper hand. *Block* I did not do it.

Truth of this chapter:
"When someone says 'We need to talk,' understand—they've already made up their mind. They're just telling you." *Notified* (is informing).”

We are just the last witnesses to the death of our own relationship.

CHAPTER 17: LAST CALL, LAST MESSAGE

Last Call, Last Message: Echoes of Silence

After a breakup, when the battle between heart and mind begins, the first and most difficult thing is—**Accept.**

My *brain*So, like a tired soldier who had given up, he stared the truth straight in the face:*It's over.*But mine*Heart*? He was like a stubborn child who only wanted to live in his dreams.

Every morning, every evening, one in the heart*faith*The fire would burn.

"Try it one more time, who knows, it might work this time."
"Maybe he blocked it out of anger, maybe he'll agree."
"Maybe she misses you too, it's just her ego getting in the way."

And every time, I'm the same*Poisonous hope*I listened to the hope that pulled me towards a new pain every day.

that anxious phone call

One night, when the silence of loneliness began to scream, I mustered up the courage to call her.*hand tremors*They were doing it as if they knew they were going to make a mistake.*The heart was beating loudly*, so loud that his voice echoed in my ears. It wasn't just a call, it was my*last try*It was about recalling a past life.

The ring was going...

A... (A new prayer with every ring)
Two... (With every ring a new hope)
Three... (with each ring*Yes*Come*No*fear of)

Then-

"The number you are trying to contact is currently busy."

For a moment, it seemed she was talking to someone else. A small*Lie*My heart whispered to myself to console myself. I tried again, this time faster, as if I dialed quickly enough she would pick up.

This time—

"The user you are trying to contact is unavailable. Please try later."

That robotic voice in my ears*decisions*It echoed like a... I put the phone down, taking a deep, cold breath. My mind said, "Enough, stop now."

But his heart did not agree.*Message*suggested a way out.

"So what if he doesn't pick up the call, maybe he'll read the message. Maybe he's busy and will check it later."

that silent text

I began typing. Each word, each letter, weighed heavily on my heart. I tried to stop myself,*Plain* And *Honesty*Written from.

"Please talk to me once. I can't live without you."
"I miss you so much. You're in everything."
"I still love you*true love*I do. Just give me a chance."

I *Sent*And he stared at the screen. Those moments were longer than hours.

*blue tick*Waiting for her. (Because if the message arrived, she'll probably read it.)
*scene*waiting for. (Because as soon as the scene is over he*to know*will be forced to tell me how I am)

The minutes passed, and each minute felt like an eternity.
Hours passed, and sleep was far from my eyes.

No answer. No one*blue tick*No change of.
only **silence**A silence that screams.

That night, I held the phone in my hand,*hugging the chest*I fell asleep, hoping that maybe he would type a reply in his sleep, and when I woke up in the morning, his voice or his words would start my day.

The first thing I did when I woke up in the morning was check my phone. There was no sign of anything on the lock screen.*Information*No. No one on the Messages app*New conversation* No.

Nothing. Just him.*blank screen*

The final insult

**the heart said,You humiliate me further,
There is still love left in my heart for you.**

Then I wrote another message. This one was even more*bending on the knees*Was going to.

"I've changed. I swear, I won't make that mistake again."
"I've learned from my mistakes. Just one *last chance*."

Sent.

then the same *painful waiting*.
Same blank screen.
Same *silence* which is now a *wound*. It was ready.

And slowly, as the fog clears, I began to understand.

What I consider a "last ditch effort" or a "last attempt" is actually, for me, **"The Final Insult"** Every message, every call, my *self-esteem* was being thrown to the ground.

Still then... **I couldn't stop.**

because when *love is alive* If it happens, then *Self-esteem is silent* It happens. It makes a person *Blind* Does.

One *The sad truth* Which is still imprinted on my heart:

“We often risk everything for those who are there for us. *Nothing!* Do."

Echoes of the past

Sometimes I'd sit down and open old chats. Chats where she'd say:

Her "I miss you," which now *Lie* It seemed so.
His "I love yous," which are now *Doubt* It used to happen.
Her "Never Leave Me," which now *prank* It seemed so.

And I wondered, "Is this all *Lie* Was? Is that all *Acting* Was?"

But the truth was—

He then **Truth** When he said, his *feelings are true* Were.
But now **No** was. Now his *change feelings* She had already.

People change. Feelings change too. And this *The bitter truth* It is the hardest to accept.

Every night I consoled myself—"Tomorrow she will surely answer. Tomorrow her *Sleep* will break, and it *Feel* She will do it."

But **He used to come yesterday... and go away.** without him. And

every*without answer*On the morning of, my heart lost another piece.

Final surrender

One day, I*'m tired*

*physical*Not in form.*emotional*In form. Mary*Soul*She was tired of waiting,*self-given*from pain. When your*Willpower*It ends, then*Dedication*It is the last resort.

I *last message*wrote. This time someone*Complaint*There was no, no*Request*There was no, no*begging*Was not there.

Very *Small*, Very *Quiet*

"Take care of yourself."
"Always be happy."

Sent.

And this time,**I didn't wait.**I called the phone*Reverse*kept it, or maybe*Closed*I just did it.

because I*depth*It was known from—

Now **There will be no response.**Neither today, nor tomorrow, nor ever.

of this chapter*Bitter* But *Savior* Truth:

Last call, last message often**Does not give closure**. He *Magic*Don't do it so that the other person comes back immediately.

He simply states—

that you**tried my best**You did that*the last door*You knocked too.*shortcoming*Didn't leave.

And when you**You have tried your best**, Then *give up*in fact in**self-esteem**It happens. To say, "I loved, I cried, I fell, but**I'm getting up now."**

CHAPTER 18: INVISIBLE DISTANCE

invisible distance, *When she's nowhere to be seen –*

A common advice people give to get over the pain after a breakup is –

"Don't look at social media, otherwise it will hurt you more. Seeing his new life will increase your pain."

But what about the pain that comes when this advice turns out to be useless? When a person disappears from your life in such a way that there is no trace of his/her digital presence?

But when no one is on social media...

Then what?

Then the pain doesn't subside; instead, it deepens. It's a new kind of silence that tears at the heart.

She wasn't on Instagram. She didn't have a public profile window for me to peek into. She didn't post statuses about her daily life, nor did she create Reels to showcase her happiness. Stories were a far cry.

She was simple. Very simple. And perhaps because of this*Simplicity*has, this*Invisible distance* (*invisible distance*), had further tied me down. In a way, it had deprived my suffering of a modern-day convenience—the convenience of 'stocking up' or 'checking up.'

After the breakup, I couldn't go to a profile and "search" it. My fingers would find nothing but an empty search bar.

No new photos where I can see how genuine her smile is.
No new stories to tell me where he's spending his evenings.

But that didn't mean I didn't miss her.

On the contrary... this*Invisible distance*It only increased her presence in my mind. Even when she wasn't in the digital world, she was active in my thoughts 24/7.

I saw the same thing everywhere.

In some stranger girl on the street, whose walking style was similar to his.
In a voice, when a woman spoke at the same pitch.
In some laughter, which gave an unknown feeling for a moment.

In some random song, the lyrics of which directly reminded him of her.

She wasn't online, but she was on my mind. *Live Stream* It kept going and never stopped.

Sometimes I would sit alone for hours and think—

What would she be doing at this time? Would she be equally lonely?
Who would you be talking to? Has someone new come into her life?
Will you remember me? Or have I become a closed page in his book?

But the answer was nowhere to be found. In this silent world, only *Idea* (*imagination*) Was.

And imagination is the most dangerous of all. It's the part of the brain that makes you see and feel things that have never happened, and that may never happen. It's a *Virtual Reality* It is very difficult to get out of it.

I often typed in her number at night, after the world had fallen asleep. Slowly, like a strange habit.

Just to look. To stare at those ten digits flashing on the screen.

I wouldn't call. My courage would fail me there.

I was just thinking-

“What if I call… and he picks up? Then what will I say? Will I break down again when I hear his voice?”

And then he would delete the number himself, with a deep sigh.

Because I was scared.

The fear of rejection. From that side *silently* Fear of.
The fear of being ignored. The fear of knowing that I no longer matter to him.
The fear of breaking back in. The fear of reliving the pain I was trying to escape.

His absence from social media is *Invisible distance* (*invisible distance*), to my healing *Easy* He wasn't making it any easier. On the contrary, he made it more difficult.

because I *Compare* (*compare*) I couldn't. I wanted to take care of his life. *Truth* (*reality*) to his *Idea* (*imagination*) could not be compared to.

I couldn't see if she was happy or not. *Timeline* Is it full of happiness or is there

silence in it too?

He could not know that he*move forward* (*move on*) whether or not she is finished. Whether or not another hand is in her fingers.

It was just darkness. A thick, unremarkable darkness.

And I was in that darkness*shadow*I kept looking for a small piece of evidence of his existence.

Sometimes I think—

If she was on Insta, at least we would know she was alive, okay.
Happy. Or sad.
Or with someone else.

But when nothing is known, then every*Possibility* (*possibility*) It breaks the heart. The mind creates every scenario, and every scenario causes pain.*suspense*He becomes the biggest enemy.

A sad truth, which is the crux of this chapter:

"When someone leaves your life, and somewhere else*looks*If not, you search for it every day in every corner of your mind."

And this search never ends, unless you stop it yourself.

Then gradually, this*Invisible distance*under the burden of*suppressed* Put.

I got tired of thinking.*What will happen, what will happen*By connecting the links.
I was tired of waiting. Waiting for a sign, a signal.
I was tired of hoping that maybe I would see her back somewhere.

I realized a bitter truth—

She was my world. She was mine*universe* (*universe*) was the one I used to revolve around.
But I wasn't his world.**Maybe I'll read a little bit of his book.*Footnotes*which he had turned over.**

and this*Acceptance* (*acceptance*), accepting this truth was the most difficult.*Invisible distance*was the biggest burden.

This is the truth of this chapter:

The pain is most intense when you can't even see where the other person is or what condition they're in.*Curiosity* (*curiosity*There is no way to calm him down.

But it's in this darkness that you have to find yourself. Your own *treatment* (*healing*) the path of this *silently* passes through.

Because when it is nowhere to be found, then one understands—

Now you have to return to yourself.. That *emptiness* (*empty*) is to be filled not with his memory, but with your own presence. *Invisible distance* To *Visual self-worth* (*visible self-worth*) has to be converted into.

CHAPTER 19: SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

sleepless nights

After a breakup, the biggest punishment, the deepest pain,**Night**The night, once a time of peace and relaxation, now becomes a long, painful ordeal.

False Dare of the Day:

During the day, you kind of**Acting**You do it. Acting like a strong, okay person.

- you yourself**busy with work**Meetings, deadlines, meeting friends—you create an artificial busyness.
- You live among people who put on a face to avoid their questions.**fake smile**You take punishment.
- Your voice grows steady, your steps steady, as if everything is normal. All your energy is spent hiding the fact that deep inside you are**broken**You have finished.

But this is all just a temporary band-aid. As soon as the sun sets, this band-aid**descending** it occurs.

Night Reality:

There are no crowds at night. There are no distractions.

- **lights off**– The outside world is engulfed in darkness.
- **Phone quiet**– The 'ding' of a message or a social media notification cannot save you.
- **quiet room**– Now there is no external noise.

In this silence, there's only you. And yours.**Shameless, screaming pain**|

yours **brain**It's not quiet at all. It's such a**projector screen**It becomes something on which your past moments start rewinding.|

The moment you close your eyes, your sleep is taken away:

- **His face:**Which had settled in your eyes.
- **His voice:**Which now only echoes in your mind.
- **Her laughter:**Which was once the sweetest tune in your world.
- **His last words, “Take care”:**Which now sounds like a taunt.

These memories keep running through your mind, one after the other, without any interruption.

Turns and questions:

You try your best to call for sleep.

- You **changing sides**Yes, like if your physical condition changes, maybe your mind will change too.
- You **pillow straight**You do it, you keep looking back at the cold side.
- You **eyes tightly closed**You do it, you count, you take deep breaths.

But I can't sleep. Because your mind is full of questions**endless loop**is running:

- *“What would she be doing now? Will he have eaten the food?”*
- *“He must be missing me? even once?"*
- *“Would she also be unable to sleep, or would she be sleeping peacefully?”*
- *“Did everything go well in his life, and I was the only one left alone?”*

And the worst part about these questions is that they**There would be no answer**The one and only**painful silence**

The lie of 'just today for the last time' In the dead of night, when the pain becomes unbearable, you pick up the phone. You know it will only cause you more pain, but you can't help yourself.

- You **Opening the gallery**Yes. Every photo offers a little jolt. That smile, that place, that moment.
- You **Reading chats**Yes. From top to bottom. Your first**“I love you”**Reading it brings tears to my eyes, anger over the first fight, and the first**"Pardon me"**It breaks my heart to read it.

You are one with yourself again**false promise** Do you: *“Just today for the last time, I will not see you from tomorrow.”* But this promise is broken. Every next night, the same**'The last time'**It builds up. You get used to the pain. You drink the poison of those memories, thinking it might quench your thirst, when in reality it only makes you more restless.

four o'clock in the night

time stand still.

- **2 AM:**You're exhausted. Your eyes burn, but you can't close them.
- **3 pm:**Hope begins to fade. Now there is only pain and anxiety.
- **at 4 pm:**You give up. You sit in bed or look out the window. The city is asleep, but you're awake.

Silent Tears:
You are the most alone in this grief. Sometimes**tears**without any**sound**Let's go

out.

- You feel that warmth on your cheeks.
- **pillow wet**It happens, it absorbs your silent screams.
- But no one notices because the sound of your cries is drowned out by the noise of your bedsheets.

Because in the morning one has to become normal again. You carry this burden of loneliness, so that during the day your**image**May it remain.

A sad truth and a search for solace:

A very painful truth is this:**“Those who cry silently at night seem the strongest during the day.”** But inside he**are completely broken**. their **Soul** From one side **Below**It would have already happened. Your greatest desire is this:*"I wish I could fall asleep and wake up in the morning and forget everything. As if none of this ever happened."* But your**Memories used to wake you up even before the alarm.**The first thought that comes to your mind when you open your eyes is of him.

Gradually I understood:

No The only body**Tiredness**It does not come from

Sleep comes comfortably And your peace went with it.**burden of pain**happens, as long as the heart**Heavy**sleep until it happens**light**It stays. It doesn't stop, it doesn't come. **but one day...**But the story does not end here. A day will come when you**you will get tired**You can stop remembering, crying, thinking about him.**you will get tired**

- You **stop crying**You will, because your tears will have dried up.
- You **think less**You will, because your mind will no longer have the strength to process his memories.
- inside of you*Restlessness Quiet*It will start happening because you have endured that pain**own**Must have taken it. **And then sleep will return.**

The day you fall into a deep, peaceful sleep—without tossing and turning, without shedding tears—that day you will know:
You're getting better. You're moving forward. And this silence of the night is no longer pain, but has become the beginning of a new peace.

CHAPTER 20: WHY BOYS CRY ALONE

Why do boys cry alone?

From childhood, boys are taught a harsh lesson that locks their emotions—

“Men don't cry.”

“Be strong, don't be emotional.”

“Don't show your emotions to anyone.”

And gradually, this teaching sinks deep into their thoughts. Unconsciously, we learn this essential skill:**The art of hiding pain.**

The pain is hidden:

- **By not crying:**Because crying is considered a sign of weakness.
- **By not saying:**Because expressing one's pain is considered against 'manliness'.
- **By not sharing:**Because there is a fear that instead of being sympathetic, people will make fun of you.

Just that pain**bear tax**We learn to live.

When a relationship breaks down, that is**breakup happens**So, the way of handling this pain is different for boys and girls.

The girl often: She talks to her girlfriends, sisters, or mother. She cries, screams, and pours out her heart. She finds an emotional support system that keeps her from breaking down.

But the boy? His method is exactly the opposite of this.

He becomes silent, isolating himself from the outside world.

- He turns off his phone or reduces his response time.
- He starts staying away from friends' gatherings and starts speaking less.
- He starts living alone, gets imprisoned in his own room.

What does the world think?

When people see this silence, they easily guess:

“Oh, it has**move on**I did it.”

“This is big**Strong**Look how quickly he recovered.

But the reality inside?

The inside is a completely different story. Behind that silent facade, lies a broken person.

Inside, he's dying every day. Every night, he burns in the fire of the pain he hides from the world during the daylight.

I often did the same thing. I had learned to live this double life:

- **During the day:** Normal, busy with work, laughing and joking in front of everyone.
- **At night:** Broken, weak, immersed in his loneliness and pain.

Only in front of friends and family **laughter** It used to be, but **Alone in tears** It used to rain. I had a strong desire to tell someone, I yearned to relieve the burden of my heart... but **I didn't have the courage.** Because that courage has a deep **Fear** He would suppress—

"People **will make fun of** ”

"Me **will understand the weak** And we will take advantage of it.”

So I chose: **Keep quiet.** And this silence, which initially felt like a protective shield, slowly eroded me. **And kept breaking it.** When the pain does not go away, it goes into the bones and the soul. To express my feelings, I used to resort to: my **Diary** of, of the phone **Notes** of the app, and sometimes even **pillows** But to cry. But never to anyone **human being** He could not say that to him. A sad truth that is often overlooked: “Boys cry less, but **There are more breaks** ” And the reason for this is simple: **Their pain does not come out.** He tries to get out of it by shedding tears alone, but when he does not get any support, he feels pain. **freezes inside**, like a stone. When this accumulation becomes excessive, it can lead to dangerous consequences. The same boys again:

- **depression** They go into depression, where the color of their life is taken away.
- **alcohol** (alcohol) and **smoking** They start taking wrong recourse like (smoking) to temporarily forget the pain.
- Or, most terrifying of all, he himself **finished** They do it, thinking that they have no other option left.

And then what happens? People are surprised and say –

“Someone **I had not thought** that he would do it.”

But the truth is this –

He thought. He tried to get out of that pain.**I thought many times**And hints may have been given

But **No one heard.**No one recognized the scream behind his silence.

I too have seen such days in my life when I felt that my patience had reached its limit.

“I can't take it anymore.”

"I **I am tired**While carrying this burden.”

But then, I remembered two things that made me stop:**Mother's face** And **Papa's hard work.**Their love and sacrifice saved me from falling.

A deep thought:

“Those who**love more**, **feel more**Those same people are the most**travel more**”

But this does not mean at all that he**weak**There are.

rather he**Sensitive**And these are the sensitive people.**Make the world beautiful**—Because he lives every relationship, every feeling deeply.

raise your voice

If you're a boy and you're broken, if your heart is shattered...

So listen,**This is not a matter of shame.**

- **Crying is not a weakness.**This is a natural way to relieve your pain.
- **Asking for help is not a weakness.**It is a sign of courage that you want to fix yourself.
- **Talking is not a weakness.**This is the first step towards starting a new life.

There is only one weakness in this world –

To die quietly inside.

The final and most important truth of this chapter:

Becoming Strong Meaning hiding your pain behind the biggest lies**There is no hiding.**

Becoming Strong Meaning your pain**to accept**, accepting that feeling, and then learning from it**move on** It happens.

You are not alone, and whoever is reading this chapter—you are not alone either. We are all in this fight together. Speak up. Stay alive.

After knowing everything in life, man chooses solitude.

— Writer

CHAPTER 21: WHEN SHE WALKS AWAY

when she goes away

Some people leave after a fight. Their departure is accompanied by noise, a flare of anger, a final argument that announces the death of the relationship. Their pain is palpable.

Some people betray us and leave us. They leave a deep wound, shaking the very foundation of trust. Their mark remains forever, in the form of lies and deceit.

And some people…

They leave quietly. Their departure is neither noisy nor rousing. They leave behind a deep, cold emptiness that, over time, slowly eats away at you from within.

She also went away quietly.

No scenes. No drama. No final goodbye, where I could at least look into her eyes and say it was over. He didn't even give me that last chance.**I wish I could find the last ray of love for me in his eyes.**

It just slowly slipped out of my life. It wasn't like a violent storm, it was like sand slowly slipping from your fist, and by the time you realize it, your fist is completely empty.

First, the messages became fewer. Where every morning used to begin with his "Good Morning," now those messages came in the afternoon, and then again in the evening. Then, the warmth, the restlessness, the intimacy in those messages began to diminish.

Then the calls stopped. Where every little thing used to be shared, I couldn't hear her voice even when I needed it. Then the phone stopped ringing. She grew accustomed to the silence, and I to her noise.

Then the block. That final, harsh decision. A digital death. As if he had erased my existence from every social platform, from every corner of his life. I was now just an old user ID to him, not an 'unfriend' or 'unfollow', but simply a 'block'.

And then… Silence. A deafening silence. An emptiness that only reminded me of the noise that once was.

I couldn't understand it at first. My heart, my mind, my emotions—all were trying to avoid this truth.

I kept thinking-

"She must be busy." Yes, she might be overworked. She might be tired. I began to find solace in her helplessness.

"It will take time." Perhaps it will take time for our relationship, for her life. I was willing to give her that time, without realizing it was the time she needed to move on from me.

“She will come back.”This was the most dangerous hope. It was the poison that was slowly corroding my soul. It was the hope that kept me awake every morning and wept every night.

But a day came when I realized—**She won't be coming back**That day, it's usually not a big day. It could just be a normal morning when you suddenly wake up and the truth stares you naked in the face. That day I stopped checking his profile, stopped looking at his last online status. That day I buried the relationship that was alive in my heart.

The pain that day is on a different level. It's not the pain of an injury. It's the pain of the soul. It's the agony when every part of you that calls itself hope screams and gives up.

When even hope gives up. When you no longer have any excuse to bring them back, to understand them. You're simply broken, and you don't even have the strength to mend that broken existence.

I often visited her old haunts. The café where we first met, the bench where we'd spent hours talking, the street where we'd walked hand in hand. I'd search for her scent in every corner.

Where we used to sit. Where we used to talk. Every time I sat there alone, her laughter echoed in my ears, conversations that were now just memories.

I used to think-

"Maybe we'll meet here." This madness always lived in some small corner of my heart. Perhaps she was feeling the same way and would come here.

But there was only me. In that silent place. No magic happened there. No movie scenes were created there. There was only me, and my loneliness.

And my memories. They had become mere objects of pain. The memories that once brought joy were now stinging.

Sometimes I wondered – would he miss me too? Will he have the same emptiness in his heart that I have? Would unheard tears ever come to his eyes?

Would she ever wonder at night, "What would Yashwant be like?" Would she ever realize her mistake? Will she ever regret my love for her?

But then I understand-

If she had cared, she wouldn't have left. If she truly cared, if my pain pained her, she wouldn't have abandoned me so quietly. Her departure itself was proof that I was no longer a part of her life, and she didn't want me back.

A bitter truth:

"The one who wants to stay doesn't look for excuses." He finds a way out even in the face of a thousand difficulties. He fights and argues, but he doesn't let the relationship fall apart.

He looks for solutions. He focuses on the "how," not the "why." He tries to break down the walls that have stood between the relationship.

I made many excuses, too. I kept giving myself false consolations.

"He's confused." I called him confused to escape the grip of his judgment.

"He's under pressure." I put the burden of his departure on his family, on his circumstances.

"He's helpless." I made him feel helpless so I could spare myself the pain of his infidelity.

But the truth was—she had chosen. She had chosen a life I didn't belong in. And it was her choice, her freedom. And I should have respected that freedom.

And I didn't accept it. That was my biggest mistake. I watched her leave, but I didn't accept her decision. I kept digging up that buried relationship.

Acceptance is the hardest part. It's a battle you have to fight with yourself. It's a bitter pill that only after swallowing can you find relief.

Accepting that—

You're no longer a priority. Your phone number is no longer on his favorites list, your conversations are no longer important to him.

You are no longer a choice. When he had two paths, he chose the one that didn't lead to you.

You're the past now. You're a bygone moment, a fading memory, a closed book. And he has no intention of reopening that chapter.

The thought alone can be devastating. The realization that you're nothing to someone who once meant everything to you is enough to shake anyone to their core.

But gradually I learned—

Holding someone back isn't love. If you have to chain someone up and beg them to keep them close, that's not love, it's just a desperate possession.

Letting someone go is also love. True love is one that only gives, never expecting anything in return. If you let go of someone for their happiness, that is the highest form of love.

If she's happy without you, then perhaps that was her happiness. And that truth sets you free. You don't want to be the enemy of her happiness.

And your love was so true that you gave up on his happiness. You didn't put obstacles in his path. You didn't curse him. You happily let him go, even if it broke your heart.

Inspirational Truth:

“Sometimes people don't leave you... they give you a chance to move on.”

Their departure is like a painful alarm. An alarm that tells you it's time to focus on yourself, to begin a new journey.

Truth of this chapter:

When she leaves, you don't just lose her...

You lose the old version of yourself, too. The vulnerable, dependent, always waiting for her permission. The person who saw their identity solely in their relationship.

And that very loss makes you a new person. The pain, the loneliness, the experience—all of it strengthens you, makes you self-reliant. You emerge from the fire that makes you shine like gold. With her passing, you lost love, but you found yourself.

CHAPTER 22: WHY DID SHE LEAVE ME

Why did he leave me?

After a breakup, when the heart is broken, the first and deepest question that arises in the mind like a storm is:

"Why did he leave me?"

This question is just a*Intellectual curiosity*It's not an intellectual query tucked away in a corner of the mind. This question pierces the very heart, deep within. And the heart has a habit of repeating this question every day, like a fresh wound.

Sometimes, when I pause from that pain for a while, I think—maybe the cause wasn't what everyone thinks.

Maybe he gave me some**third person**He didn't leave it for (teesra shakhs). Maybe there's someone in his life*Better options*(better option) did not come.

Perhaps he left me to put a wall between me and him—his**family members**Left for.

For the honor and happiness of my mom, my dad, my brother, my family. Perhaps he felt there was no place for him in our relationship, or that our relationship was too far from theirs.*expectations*Does not meet expectations.

And when this thought comes, one realises his helplessness.

Perhaps he has very*practical* (practical) □□ *painful*must have thought in a (painful) way—

“When one of our**Future**There is no future, when we will have to separate in the end, then what is the point of taking this relationship forward?”

"The one who has to be left one day, with whom there is no point in living**Destination**(destination) is not there, let's leave him today itself.”

“If we extend this relationship further, and give it more time, then*emotional attachment*(emotional attachment) will increase further. And later**Pain**(The pain) will increase further.”

Perhaps this is*Determination*(determination), with this painful*Decision*With that decision, he must have said those words to me that still ring in my ears—

“What's the point of talking now?”
"When we can't be together. When our meeting isn't destined."

“One day we will have to separate, that is certain.”
"Then let it happen today. We'll endure this pain right now."

And then he had a*final blow*(final blow) would have been given:
"Don't talk to me anymore. I can't talk to you."
“Because if I talk, I will become weak.”

At that time, I*Listen*(numb) had happened. I did not understand that it was his own**Decision**(decision), which he*free will*(free will), or**Compulsion**(majboori)—which brought him to this juncture.

Even today, after so much time has passed, I still**Dilemma**(The dilemma) troubles me. The truth is still unknown.

Sometimes the heart leans to one side and says –
Maybe someone else in his life**Happiness**or someone else**Person**(Shakhs) has come, which is more for him*steady*(stable) or*Safe*(secure).

Sometimes at that very moment, the heart cries out loud to the other side—
"No... she wasn't like that. Her love was true. She was so*Flickering*(fickle) cannot happen.”

And at this crossroads, at this*Emotional tug-of-war*(In an emotional tug-of-war), I keep wandering all day.

Sometimes it's his fault, it's his**hardness**(ruthlessness) I remember how easily he got over everything, so a fierce**Anger**(anger) comes.
"How did he do that? my love, my promises, my*Sacrifice*Was there no respect for sacrifice?

Sometimes in the midst of that anger, his**Love**I remember her innocence, the wonderful moments we spent together, and I break down.**Cry**(ro) I give.
“He loved me so much... so what changed?”

The heart changes its color a thousand times in a single day, in a single hour.

love *Restlessness*
of anger*Fire*
expected*a little ray*
of despair*deep darkness*

Everything gets mixed inside.

And all of these*conflicts*I am in the middle of conflicts—**I**

alone.

Even today, in my heart, for him, for that*Evil spirit*For the ghost, a**very important question**(a very important question) which asks piercingly—

Is my love**quite**(kaafi) wasn't there? Was there anything lacking in it?
Am I myself, for him, for her?*spouse*To become a (life partner),**quite**Wasn't it?

Can we talk about every*Misunderstanding*(misunderstanding) to, every*Problem*(problem), everything**Correct**Couldn't you do it? Did we both hurry?*Garland*Did you agree?

Shall we take a little more**fighting**Couldn't you (fight)... just for your relationship, to be with each other?

Can we **with**Couldn't you stay? Is our*Destiny*(destiny) so*Cruel*(cruel) was it?

Am I that important in his life?**easily changed**(easily replace) done? Did someone come and take my place so quickly?

Or will I ever**Hasn't changed**... Bus *throw*(discard) given? Like some old stuff.

And meanwhile, a**The sad truth**(painful truth) emerges, which is the essence of this chapter.*Original*(core) is:

“We often talk to those people, about those people*eyes*who ever wanted to ask their**There are no ones to answer**”

Because they either don't have the answers, or they don't want to give them.

And then, when we don't get answers, we*frustration*(in frustration)**Create answers to questions**

Sometimes your*Party*in (favour)—that it was his fault, he*Has gone*
Sometimes your*Against*-that I was the one lacking,*I wasn't enough*

But this*Breakup Secrets*(Breakup mystery)**universal**The (universal) truth is this —

Every breakup**Reason**(reason) always*Clean*(The crystal is not clear). There is always a*villain*(villain) or someone*Hero*(hero) does not happen.

Sometimes the reason is-
just one**Situation**(situation) which was not in our control.
Family pressure(Family pressure) which was stronger than love.
Fear(Fear) – of the unknown future.
confusion(Confusion) - about what they really want.
or just**Courage**Lack of courage.

The courage to stand together. The courage to fight the world.

The last and most important part of this chapter**heart-soothing** Truth:

If your heart is still here**Burden**(bhoj) is picked up and asks-

“Wasn’t I enough?”

So your*wounded heart*Same for (wounded heart)**answer**(answer) is—

You were enough. You were always enough.

just you**wrong time**, One **Wrong position**, and someone's**wrong decision**You fell victim to this. And it's somehow yours.**Ability**(value) or your love**Truth**It doesn't diminish the truth. You go ahead.

CHAPTER 23: WAS I NOT ENOUGH?

Was I not enough?

After a breakup, there's a question that doesn't just remain a question, but becomes a sharp sting that comes back again and again in every silence, in every loneliness—

“Wasn’t I enough?”

This question is never shouted or spoken loudly. It is a *whisper*. There is a faint echo that grows in some corner of the mind.

It comes slowly. Like the stillness of the night when the whole world is asleep and you have not a single wisp of sleep in your eyes. This is the time when you are in deep connection with yourself, with your soul, with a deep connection. *Private Test* Let's start.

I ask myself, my *Dedication* I calculate—

Did I love less? Was there something lacking in my desire?
Could I care less? Did I ignore his smallest need?
Did I try less? Was I tired before time?

No. I had given it my all. And 'everything' wasn't just words, it was the essence of my life.

My time. What was most precious, I gave it to him first.
I devoted my energy and my life to be his support in every difficulty.
Your priority. Putting her wishes first, putting your own on the back burner.
My dreams. I even linked my dreams to hers.

Whenever I was busy, whether in the office *Deadlines* be it or *Personal commitments* Still, he made time for her. *removed* He did not go, he *made* I used to go because one call from him, one *Message*, was most important to me.

When she was upset, when there were tears in her eyes, I would forget my troubles, my sorrows, my worries. *Attention* Just make her laugh, make her laugh *Consolation* Had to give.

And when she was happy, when she had that carefree smile on her face, I felt—my life was a success. *Confirmation* It was not from the world but from his happiness.

Still… she left.

And this is where the mind is *vicious circle* begins with a question *Series* Which doesn't stop. The mind asks, *Logic* seeks—

If I was enough, if I could *Great* If it was, why didn't she stop?

Wasn't I handsome? what my *Appearance* Was there any deficiency in it?
Was I not successful? Am I his *Future* of *Security* Couldn't you give it?
Was I not strong? can I *emotional Collaboration* Failed to deliver?

And the dirtiest question, the most *toxic Thoughts*:

Has anyone else found a better one than me? Did he get what I could never become?

Sometimes the heart brings very dirty thoughts. This mind *Insecurity* is filled with and *Compare* That he prepares the ground where only himself is humiliated.

"Somewhere that would be better." *better correspondent*, *better audience*, *better human being*
"Somewhere he'll be more stable." *Financial* Formally, *emotional* In form.
"Somewhere he'll be more mature." So that his every need can be met.

And I, who until yesterday prided myself on my love, now let myself down. *Self-worth* to that *brake up* of *failure* From *defined* I start doing it.

But then another thought comes to mind. *Thoughts treatment* This is the first step.

If I wasn't enough, how did this relationship last for so many years? Is that *Acting* Was getting it done?
If I wasn't enough, how did he manage to love me so much? All those beautiful moments, those *Memories* Was it all a lie?
If I wasn't enough, why didn't he ever speak up before? Why did he me *Suddenly* left alone?

The truth is this—

I was enough. You were enough.

Yes, of course. Your love, yours *care*, yours *loyalty* There was nothing wrong with me.

Bus **The situation was not enough.**

Sometimes people choose comfort over love. Where the heart is *Risk* where life does not have to be taken *predictable* it occurs.

Sometimes there's pressure from family, sometimes from the walls of society,*expectations* burden of.
Sometimes there is fear.*uncertainty*The fear, the worry about what will happen next.
Sometimes we fear the future. Will we always be happy like this? Not getting an answer to this question also becomes a reason.

And sometimes people aren't strong enough to fight together. Relationships are just*Emotions*They do not walk by*fighting*And if the person in front of you is*battle*If you are not ready for it, then that relationship breaks.

This does not mean that you are weak.

It just means you were more truthful. You stood for that relationship till the end, while the other*Dedication*Did it.

A sad truth that deeply wounds the heart:

“The one who gives more often starts thinking less of himself.”

We *givers*we are.*Investment*we do.*Expectation*do that if we*sacrifice*If you are, then the relationship*escape*But when he can't escape, we*failure* Their own *Personal Shortcoming*Let's connect it to.

But it's never wrong to give. It's never wrong to love.
It's wrong to forget your worth. It's wrong to forget your*self-esteem* But *Doubt*Doing it just because someone is yours*Ability*Couldn't understand.

Today I am learning this—a*understanding*The one who gives freedom

My love was enough. My loyalty was enough. My intentions were enough.

Only the person who got all this, he*entitled*No, he couldn't handle it.*depth*Could not understand.

And this is not my failure.

The final and most important truth of this chapter:

If someone leaves you, it doesn't mean you weren't enough. It just means you were in the wrong place.

Sometimes it means—

You were more, and the person in front of you was carrying that weight, that*intensity*Couldn't lift it.Your love was so deep that*depth*Not everyone has the courage to live in it. And that*Burden* From *Free*It was not your

need, it was their need.

And this *understanding* you *Correct* Will do.

PART 5: QUESTIONS

Overthinking Phase

CHAPTER 24: CHEATING HAS NO GENDER

Infidelity has no gender

"Breakup..." Hearing the word brings a strange calm, followed by a storm within. When a relationship ends, our minds become restless—they desperately need answers, a reason for why it happened. And in most cases, we end up making one person the villain. This is a kind of self-defense mode, allowing us to release some of our pain and protect our bruised egos.

We immediately look for someone to blame, for a clear explanation for why this happened to us. And for many of us, the easiest and most painful suspicion is this:

- "I'm sure he must have cheated."
- "Someone else must have come in between."
- "So she left."

This "suspicion of betrayal" is especially troubling during those lonely nights that follow a breakup.**When you're alone at night and your heart is broken**

Questions linger in the mind:

- "Did I miss something?"
- "Was he/she with someone else?"

This cycle of doubt and self-doubt only increases the pain, which**and breaks more****Not just the physical: The full spectrum of cheating**

But as time passes and things begin to clear up, a deeper, and often more dangerous, truth about deception emerges. Gradually,**I've realized something – cheating isn't just physical.**

The term "cheating" is often used only to refer to physical infidelity, but emotional cheating can be just as damaging, perhaps even more so, to the foundation of a relationship. True cheating spans a whole range, including the subtle ways a partner distances themselves from you even when you're there:

1. **Emotional Cheating:** in a relationship *physically* to exist but **emotionally** Being connected to someone else, sharing everything with them, or investing in them.
2. **Lack of conversation:** spending less time talking to you and investing emotional energy, while **talk to someone else more**
3. **Mask of Happiness:** Just one in front of you **Smile** pretending to be close, while behind your back **distance** Growing apart. This emotional distance is often the first, and most painful, form of infidelity.

The role is not about gender, but about maturity.

It is very important to understand that this entire spectrum of cheating is not limited to just boys and girls. **And boys do it, and girls do it too.**

Gender doesn't play a role in this, maturity does.

The decision to cheat, whether physical or emotional, reflects a person's character and their emotional ability to handle difficulties.

- **Emotionally Strong:** A mature person doesn't hide things or deceive. They are honest, courageous, and forthright. **He talks.** They **to solve problems** or, if the relationship is truly over, **Breaking up honestly**
- **Emotionally Weak:** Weak people choose the easiest path—cheating. **Shortcut** They lack the courage to confront or the wisdom to express their anger, fear, or desire to leave.

The sad truth: when the conversation ends

The dark and sad truth about infidelity is that it's caused more by a lack of communication than by desire:

“Cheating often stems not from a loss of love, but from a loss of communication.”

People cheat then **When they feel they cannot share their problems** They don't always look to others for romance, but rather for support, to feel heard, or to feel understood—all of which should be found in a relationship.

But that doesn't mean cheating is justified. Never.

Cheating is never the right answer to a relationship problem. It's not a mistake; it's a conscious decision.

Cheating is a choice, not an accident. And choices show character. Reclaiming your worth

If you've been cheated on, the most important thing is to be kind to yourself and not take responsibility for someone else's bad decisions.

I get it—even if he cheated, it doesn't diminish my value. It shows his weakness.

And if he just**still chose to leave**, yet it**It is not my failure**The end of a relationship is a result of both parties, but the reasons for ending it are personal decisions.

Simple, powerful, and memorable**Motivational Truth** it is:

“Whatever is yours will not replace you.” The last word

The pain of betrayal is unique and deep—**The pain of cheating is different.**But the biggest mistake someone can make is taking the blame for a mistake they didn't make.

But taking the blame on oneself is the biggest loss.

You are the one who was cheated on, but that doesn't make you a cheater.

You may be deceived, but you are not deceived.

remember this.

CHAPTER 25: WHY SHE MOVED ON SO FAST

Why did she move on so quickly?

Breakup—the very word is a wound. But the deepest, most excruciating pain doesn't come immediately; it strikes later, when that cold, hard truth pierces your heart like an iceberg:

That's absolutely normal.

You look at her. She's laughing. She's vibrant. She's living her life with an airy, almost disturbing ease. She's busy, engaged, moving forward.

And you?

You're right where you were when the relationship ended—stuck.

Your nights are spent in lonely wakefulness, eyes wide open, memories replayed over and over like a broken, brutal film. Your days are a performance—a convincing act of normality to the world. But inside, you're broken, shattered, a hollow shell held together only by sheer force of will.

And in your heart, the voice raw with betrayal and confusion, screams the same question:

- “How could she forget so quickly?”
- “How did she move at such an impossible speed?”
- “Was I really so insignificant that my absence meant nothing to him?”

I, too, was once trapped in the same cycle of self-doubt. The pain was felt only by me, a burden I alone carried. It seemed as if my heartbreak was insignificant to him, as if he felt no sorrow for the loss.

But with time and brutal honesty, a deeper, very sad truth began to crystallize:

She didn't move any faster. She was already gone.

The apparent speed of her recovery was a tragic illusion. She wasn't rushing toward a new life; she was simply completing a journey she'd begun months earlier, within the confines of a dying relationship.

She wasn't strong;**She was simply exhausted.**

In the final months of the relationship, while you were still clinging, fighting, and trying to heal the cracks, she was already making her own internal departure. She had already emotionally and mentally detached herself long before the final breakup conversation.

When you try to make it work*Effort*were putting energy into**She was getting ready to go out.**

when you*Hope*were clinging by the tiniest thread,**She was meticulously practicing the art of letting go.**

That's why the time after that was so different: when the relationship finally collapsed,**you fell.**You were suddenly hit, taken aback, your foundations shaken.

And that? **She just kept going.**She had processed the grief while still in his presence, leaving her unburdened when the final moments arrived.

Here's a sad, yet irrefutable truth about emotional pain:

“The person who has already cried his tears in solitude appears strongest later in public.”

He expressed his pain, his despair and his sorrow*Quick*You, in your loyalty and perseverance, have processed your grief.*Now*The difference in their external timing is simply a reflection of when the internal separation occurred.

Furthermore, we must acknowledge the widespread human tendency to show off:

Sometimes, people are just pretending to be strong. The polished, cheerful exterior she presents to the world may be a fragile mask. She, too, may be crying in moments of solitude—you just don't know it. Her display isn't a testament to her happiness; it's often a defense mechanism against vulnerability.

An important motivational thought:

"The slow, deliberate pace of your recovery is not a measure of your weakness; it is a profound testimony to your depth."

The reason it's taking you so long is because you loved with your whole, true heart. You invested deeply. You were authentic. The deeper the love, the greater the void, and the longer the necessary rebuilding. This slow process is not a flaw; it's a testament to the immense capacity for love you possess.
The goal is not to win the race to get ahead.**Moving ahead quickly is not winning.**

True victory, true act of self-love and strength,**heal properly and completely**is in.

And that's exactly what you're doing.

You are getting better.

gradually.

Intentionally.

But the most important thing—**permanent basis**

CHAPTER 26: IS MONEY EVERYTHING?

Is money everything?

After the breakup:

Breakups... The silence that follows the storm often creates more silence than argument. Once the initial, sharp pain of loss begins to subside, a new, chilling voice arises in the mind, relentless and insightful. It asks a question that cuts to the core of modern relationships:

“Is it all about money, ultimately?”

This thought occupied me. It became a lens through which I re-examined the entire relationship. I began to create scenarios, logical reasons for his departure that were more acceptable than the simple, brutal truth of waning affection.

Maybe she left because I wasn't yet "established." Perhaps the insecurity of an unstable future was too great. Was it the quiet, heavy pressure of societal expectations—the need for a "secure" partner? Did his family's hopes for his future outweigh his love for me?

And perhaps... this was the most fundamental truth of our consumerist world:**Money.**

In the darkest, most vulnerable corners of my heart, a persistent, self-defeating whisper echoed:

“If I were rich, would she stay? Would security have tied him up?”

"If I had already achieved success, had achieved a recognized position, would he have gone ahead instead of retreating?*Our*Would you fight more for this?"

These aggressive, blaming thoughts are the slow poison that eats away at a person's self-esteem, turning disappointment into a deep sense of inadequacy.

Internal Debate: The Value of Love vs. the Value of Money

Yet, despite the painful logic, fundamental human emotion rebels against this purely transactional view of love. I challenge this premise:

If money were the ultimate measure of life, why would love exist? If money could buy happiness and companionship, why would people without financial means find true, unconditional love? And conversely, if money really solved everything, why would so many people with such great wealth be deeply lonely and searching?

The truth is complex, existing in the uneasy space between two extremes.

Money is important. Very important.

We can't romanticize poverty. Money plays an important, non-negotiable role in life.

- **Security:**It provides a safety net against the harsh unpredictability of life.
- **Rest:**It elevates everyday life from mere existence to bliss.
- **Self-confidence:**This builds self-reliance and freedom to make choices.

Money makes life easier. But it's a tool, not a master. It can't buy the intangible, priceless gifts I gave him:

- **Time:**Hours, days and weeks of shared experience, fully present.
- **Loyalty:**Unwavering support and commitment regardless of the circumstances.
- **Appearance:**To be a constant support, a shoulder to lean on.
- **sacrifice:**Putting your needs and happiness above your own.

And yet, in the brutal calculus of life's choices...

The reality of priorities and time

Despite all the passion, all the genuine connection, sometimes people choose a secure future over uncertain love. This isn't a tragedy with a clear hero and villain. It's simply a clash of priorities.

She wasn't necessarily wrong for wanting stability. I wasn't wrong for offering authentic love. We were simply at different points, our values mismatched at that moment.

Here's the sad, often overlooked truth of countless breakups:

"Sometimes the love doesn't wane, but the timing is disastrously wrong."

And the most sophisticated bank account, the greatest wealth, cannot bridge the gap created by bad timing. It cannot turn back the clock or guarantee a future that hasn't yet been created.

Key Lessons: Building Your Own World

The most profound realization I gained was the danger of codependency masquerading as love. If you allow your existence to become completely dependent on a romantic relationship, neglecting your personal growth and ambition...

Love itself becomes a burden.

I made the mistake of limiting my entire world to one person. When she left that universe, I felt like*Everything*It has been extinguished.

But the truth was much kinder: **Nothing was lost, except an illusion.** The illusion that my worth, my future, and my happiness were outsourced to another human being.

Inspiring Truths:

“Money may not be everything, but remaining stagnant, refusing to build a life, is certainly not the solution.”

I finally understood that my focus should not be relational, but external and internal. I needed to build:

- **my future:** A stable, independent path.
- **my confidence:** Derived from achievement, not validation.
- **my identity:** A self-sufficient sense of self-worth.

And this creation was not a vengeful pursuit for him, or his *Against* was not, but rather a fundamental act of self-respect: **For yourself.**
If someone walks away from you because you haven't yet achieved success, whether financial or otherwise, don't waste energy on blame or bitterness. Use their departure as a brutal, clarifying mirror.

Remember this unbreakable truth:

“The person who is not willing to stand with you and fight the struggle will never be worthy of sharing the benefits of your success.”

Focus your energy inward. Build your castle. The right people, who *To you* And *Travel* those who value it will find their way to its gates.

CHAPTER 27: ARE GIRLS REALLY HEARTLESS?

Are girls really that cruel?

When the pain of a breakup surpasses all limits, when the sting deep within the heart becomes so intense that it becomes difficult to breathe, the mind often draws a simple, yet poisonous conclusion—a path where all questions have only one answer:

"Maybe girls don't think with their hearts. Maybe they don't have the emotions, the depths of what we consider love."

"Maybe she doesn't even care. We break down, we fall apart, and she moves on as if nothing happened."

I too, for some time, was in the darkness of that pain,*I kept believing this.*It was easy to think this, because it put the blame for all the pain on someone else. It gave my broken heart a false sense of peace that it wasn't my fault, it was his "cruelty."

But then came the moment when I stopped. And I didn't just stop and think—I broke through that wall of pain and looked at the world, relationships, and people with new eyes.*I saw, understood, and talked to thousands of people.*I tried to figure out if this conclusion of mine was a universal truth, or just the voice of my broken heart?

In my search, I talked to many girls who were separated from their boyfriends.**infinite love**They do. Their love wasn't just a small feeling; it was a complete existence.

So much love that their lover is their entire world—their sun, their center of gravity, their center. For them, everything outside of that relationship becomes less important.

Those girls—whose intensity of love will surprise you:

- **She fights with everyone for her boyfriend.**She takes on the world to save her love.
    - **From the family:**She puts all the relationships she's held onto since childhood, all the years of upbringing, all the hopes she's had, at stake.
    - **From society:**From all those rules and regulations, all those public shames, which call their relationship wrong.
    - **Sometimes even to myself:**They fight with their self-respect, their peace, and their desires, because for them the support of that one person is most important.

To her, her love is everything. She doesn't just love, she*win love* Are.

She's terrified of losing her boyfriend. This fear drives her to do anything, to push every limit—because she feels like if he leaves, her whole world will come to a standstill.

- **Always available:**No matter what her own needs are, she is always there for her partner first.
- **Always prioritizes:**Their career, their friends, their health—everything takes a back seat when it comes to their lover.
- **Always adjusting:**She changes her likes, dislikes, principles, everything, just so that the relationship remains intact.

And she does all this even when her boyfriend—

- Fight with them, argue over small things.
- Say bad things, hurt their self-respect.
- Ignore them, don't let them feel any difference whether they are there or not.
- Sometimes **don't even respect**Consider them just a convenience or option.

Yet the girl can't leave him. There's a strange belief in her heart, a spark of false hope:

"I'll just endure a little longer. Maybe times will change."

"I'll just explain it a little more. Maybe he'll understand."

"Let's just give it a little more time. Maybe everything will be okay."

and this**Chakkar-e-Mohabbat**In "The Last Supper," she makes the ultimate sacrifice. She gives up her entire family, her peace, her hope for a better future.

- Your image, your identity in society.
- Your self-respect, your self-worth.
- For your safety, for simple, everlasting comfort.

Only that one and only**For love.**

Seeing all this, seeing so much intensity, so much dedication, a heavy, stark question arose in my heart—a question that shook my earlier conclusion:

If girls are really heartless, if they have no emotions, then who are these girls? And for whom does she put her entire life at stake?

Then I came to my story, and revisited my breakup.

And this is where it was the most**Confusion and pain.**

Because she—my ex-partner—did it for me.*Didn't do anything like that.*Those girls who fight the world for others, those emotions were nowhere visible in my story.

- Neither did he tell his family about me, nor did he make any effort to get our relationship recognized.
- Neither did he take my love seriously, he always saw it as an easy option.
- Neither did she give importance to my emotions, she always took my feelings for granted.
- He never made me a priority, I was always in his life.*edges*But remained.
- I was never made to feel like a part of his world, but was always used as per his "convenience".

That's it... he left me.

- **Without fighting:**He didn't make a single attempt to save the relationship.
- **Non-stop:**He did not look back even once.
- **Without trying:**He didn't look for a new way, believing that our relationship could work.

And this is where the heart breaks, making louder noise than words.

The heart cries out and asks the question that comes to the heart of every heartbroken lover:

“If she could love someone else so much, if she had that passion in her, then why not me?”

“If she could fight the whole world, her family, and herself for someone else, then why couldn't she fight a small battle for me?”

“Didn't I deserve that? Was there something I lacked?”

But slowly, through all that pain and questioning, I realized a**I understood the bitter truth**—an understanding that not only brings comfort, but also the courage to move forward:

Not every girl is the same. Their personalities, their understanding of relationships, their priorities—everything is different.

And most importantly: not every girl loves every person the same way.

The girl who can leave everything for someone…

She does what she has to do**The heart is completely connected.**Where her soul, all her hopes, reside in that person. Where she is helpless, refusing to give up.

And where the heart doesn't fully connect, where only*A little love*Come*a little choice*She doesn't stop there. She doesn't fight there. She sees the relationship as a whole.**Burden**understands, not**life.**

It is important to understand that this breakup or distance is not a proof of your "worth" or "worthiness."

This is the first and most important "truth" you must firmly grasp. Your self-worth does not depend on another person's appearance, feelings, or judgment. This does not mean that you were in any way inadequate, inferior, or unworthy of this love. Such thoughts only lead to guilt and depression, which are completely untrue.

This means simply this—a harsh but naked truth that needs to be accepted not only for your peace of mind but also for your future:

She wasn't as invested in you emotionally, in terms of time, and in terms of future plans as you were in her.

This difference in investment creates cracks in the foundation of a relationship. At the beginning of the relationship, everything may have seemed equal, but over time, the balance of investment tilted to one side. To you, perhaps "she" was your "lifeline," your "center," and your "everything," and you considered her your "world" with all your heart. But to her, you were probably an "essential" part of her world, not her "whole world."

And the difference between that emotional and material investment is most acutely evident during a breakup or separation. For someone whose investment was minimal, it's a sad chapter; for someone whose investment was "all," it's like the burning of the "whole book."

And this truth, when it reaches the ears and heart, is very painful to hear. It's a deep blow that directly impacts self-esteem and self-identity. The realization that you gave so much of yourself, and didn't receive that commitment in return, feels like a betrayal. But remember, this betrayal wasn't intentional on their part; it was simply the result of a "difference in willpower and priorities." Accepting this truth isn't a "weakness," but the "ultimate strength" to move forward.**But this truth does not diminish your worth.**Your love, your efforts, your talent. What you gave was true.

Another deep, important truth I learned on this journey—one that gives justice to both kinds of girls:

- **Some girls fight**Because they believe the relationship can survive. To them, fighting is proof of hope.
- **And some girls go away quietly.**Because they feel the relationship will never work out, or it will cause more pain. For them, leaving is a form of self-preservation.

to both**ruthless**It's wrong to say that. They just feel differently and view their pain and their future differently.

The final, undeniable truth of this chapter:

If a girl doesn't fight for you, if she chooses the easy way out and leaves you, then that means**no way**That girls are not kind hearted, or love is a deception.

It means only this—and nothing better.**clarity**Cannot be:

You weren't his priority. Your relationship wasn't that important to him.

And it may be painful, it may be heartbreaking, but it**It also provides clarity**—A light that shows you the way forward.

Because what you**Can't prioritize,**Who cannot understand your worth to that extent,**He shouldn't even be the center of your life.**

Your life, your love, and your efforts—all deserve a better, more intense relationship than that. And understanding this is the first step to overcoming that pain

PART 6: SEARCH

Healing Phase

CHAPTER 28: BEING SINGLE IS NOT A CURSE

Being single is not a curse

Being single after a breakup was, frankly, my biggest fear. It wasn't just a status change; it was the loss of my identity, my habits, and my dreams for tomorrow.

I felt like there was nothing left in my life. My entire world, woven around a relationship, had become void in an instant. The habit of saying "Good Morning" to someone when I woke up in the morning was still alive, but no one was there. That first message that appeared on my screen was gone. And the sweet habit of hearing someone's voice before going to sleep at night... that too was gone. That voice that used to wash away the day's fatigue, that peace was no longer there.

And I was immersed in this thought every day –

"I guess I'm left alone. All alone."
“Perhaps my life is now incomplete, an unfinished story whose pages no one will complete now.”

I admit, I hated being single. Loneliness gnawed at me. A deep insecurity gripped me, making me feel like I had no value unless someone was there for me. I was nothing unless someone chose me. I had given someone else the key to my happiness.

But time, which heals every wound, slowly taught me a very profound lesson.

Being single doesn't mean being alone.

This is a huge difference. Loneliness is an inner emptiness, while being single can be a choice or a time for a new beginning.

Being single means being with yourself, fulfilling yourself.

Before, my entire world revolved around him. He was my gravitational force. My mood depended on him—if he replied, it was a good day, if he didn't, it was a bad day. My happiness depended on his presence. I even linked my future to his.

And when she left, I felt like it was truly over. It was like the last page of my life had been torn out.

But the truth was—

Not everything was gone. Only the habit was gone. That toxic habit of making someone else the center of my life, of handing over the remote control of my happiness.

Being single, during that period of loneliness, I began to truly talk to myself for the first time. For the first time, I tried to figure out:

What do I want? From your life, from yourself.
What is the real goal of my life? Just to maintain the relationship or to achieve something more?
What kind of person do I want to be? The one who depends on others or the one who is complete in himself?

Previously, I had no time for these questions. All my attention and energy went into maintaining that relationship.

Now I found it. And this leisure time became a new path.

I started traveling alone. In the mountains, in the city streets, just for myself. I started making plans for myself—without waiting for anyone's permission or mood. I started focusing on my career anew. I started devoting time to hobbies I'd put on hold because of my relationship.

And gradually, I began to fear my loneliness less. The loneliness that once terrified me became my friend. I learned to enjoy my own company.

dawned on me-

Being single is not a punishment, it is not a curse.
This is a chance.
To build myself back up, to build a better me. To strengthen my foundation.

Today I say this with full confidence –

If I hadn't learned to be alone, if I hadn't learned to "complete" myself, I might have gotten into a wrong relationship just out of fear of loneliness. In my hunger to be "with someone," I would have accepted any "cheap love."

But not now.

Now I don't rush. Now I can wait for the right person.

Now I can choose. I know that being with me is a blessing.

The biggest and deepest truth of this chapter:

Only through being single did I understand my true worth. I learned how capable I was, how happy I could be without anyone else's support.

And when you understand your value, when you learn to respect yourself, you never accept cheap love, temporary attention, or half-hearted efforts. You only choose love that matches or exceeds your values. You think twice before letting others into your life, because your company is now your top priority.

CHAPTER 29: LEARNING TO LIVE WITH MEMORIES

Learning to live with memories
After the breakup, the biggest mountain that stood in front was:**Living with memories.**
Moving on with your life without that person—this can still be learned with time, new routines, new people, and new hobbies. It's difficult, but it is possible. But her*memories*Living without it... that's a completely different, and much harder, battle. It's a shadow that doesn't leave you.
At first, I really had this misconception that time was a magician, and that it would slowly erase everything, make everything go away. I thought, "Just let a little more time pass, and this pain, these memories, will all disappear."

But this did not happen.

Every little thing in life triggered those memories. The very road I passed every day reminded me of the hours we'd spent walking and talking. I'd hear a bygone tune on the radio, or a funny line from a song, and suddenly the feeling of her voice, the way she laughed, or those little things would echo in my ears.

Sometimes, for no apparent reason, my heart suddenly feels heavy and my eyes well up. And when that happens, I understand—**Today is the day of memories, today they are most active.**Today he has taken over my mind and heart.

At first, I tried to escape the situation, treating the memories as my worst enemy.

I struggled with the memories. I tried everything I could to escape them. I deleted or hid all her photos, video clips, and even things she'd given me. I archived our chats so her name wouldn't appear in notifications. I removed all the songs we listened to together or she recommended from my playlists.

I thought that if I*All the proofs*I will erase it if*signs*If I remove it, then the associated*Pain*It will also go away.
But very soon the truth emerged:**Pain isn't in files and folders. Pain is in memories.**And the hardest truth is,**Memories are not deleted.**

He is just*silent*They make their place within you. They walk with you on every journey, at every turn, within you.

Then slowly, stumbling upon each other, I learned a very important lesson:**Fighting memories is futile. It's a battle you'll always lose.**

Them *Accept*Doing it is the only way.

Even now, sometimes, I suddenly think of her. Those memories, those good times, or that last meeting. But I don't panic anymore. I just let those memories come.

I say to myself very calmly and honestly—

“Yes, she was a very beautiful, and important, part of my life.”

"Yeah, she was everything to me back then. My world revolved around her."

And another truth that is equally important—

“And yes… he is no more.”

“And this is equally true.”

I learned this profound thing: memories are not your enemy.

They're just proof. Proof that someday in your life**Something was really there.**

It was love.

There was a connection.

There was deep emotion.

If those memories still hurt, it doesn't mean I'm weak. It just means**I am alive**. This means that I*Feel*I do, and what is gone had significance.

Gradually, I stopped treating memories like the enemy of my life. I learned to welcome them.

Now she comes... and in due time**She also goes away.**

Just like clouds.

I don't get stuck in them anymore. I don't drown in them. I don't try to stop them.

I my*present*I do not surrender my reality, which is my biggest reality, to those past moments, those memories.

The crux of this entire chapter, its biggest truth:

I'm learning to live with the memories, but not live for them.

And when you learn this new balance, this new method, only then the real healing begins.

True, deep healing.

CHAPTER 30: FORGIVING HER, FORGIVING MYSELF

Forgive him, forgive yourself

To be honest, during that time, when everything was broken, if there was anything that tired and broke me the most, it was this –**Sorry**

Forgiving was the hardest part for me. On one side was the woman I loved so much, and on the other side was me, a man who had fallen in my own eyes.

Forgive him, too. And more importantly, forgive yourself.

Initially, my whole concept of forgiveness was flawed. I felt that if I forgave him, I was "justifying" his mistakes. As if I were healing every wound he had caused me, saying to him—*"Whatever happened was okay. You were right."*

But I was wrong. This freedom came too late.

Forgiving doesn't, in fact, mean forgetting. The pain, the betrayal, the emptiness, the memories—they all stay with you. Nor does forgiving mean judging right or wrong. I'm not a judge, and I don't have the right to pass any final "verdict" on his intentions. His decisions were his, his life was his.

There is only one thing to forgive, and that is the most important thing – **Lightening your heart.**It is a kind of*Self-liberation*There is a button, by pressing which I free myself from the bondage in which anger and hatred had held me.

I held onto that anger, that restlessness, for a long time. That anger burned like a raging fire inside me, and I burned in it every day.

I kept asking myself the same questions over and over again, which pricked my mind like thorns:

- *Why did he do this? Was my love so weak?*
- *Why didn't he give me a chance, an explanation, a truth before leaving?*
- *Why did he destroy our years-long story, all our dreams, in a moment, in a day?*

This question, this*'Why'*They wouldn't let me live peacefully. I lost my sleep at

night and my peace during the day.

My mind is a *Court* I had become him. *villain* His infidelity, his false promises, his final indifference. Sometimes I find myself *villain* He used to make it so – his weaknesses, his excessive attachment, his willingness to give in to everything.

Sometimes it felt like everything was his fault, and I was just a *victim* Sometimes I felt it was all my fault, that maybe I wasn't worthy of her love.

But the truth, which came like a cool breeze, was this—we weren't perfect. We were both human, flawed.

And this truth, this *Incomplete* It took me a long time to accept reality, to let it sink in. Once I had recovered a little from the heat of anger and hatred, I saw things in a new light.

I realized she was also thinking from her own perspective. She too had her own struggles, which I could never truly understand.

She had her own fears—fear perhaps of the depth of the relationship, or of what lay ahead. *Commitment* from his own *compulsions* It was—societal pressure, or family expectations, that she might have crumbled before. *boundaries* She was—which meant she couldn't give me as much love or encouragement as I needed.

And maybe she loved me less, that's true... but that doesn't mean she was completely false. Her love might not have been as deep as mine, perhaps its roots weren't as strong as I had assumed, but **Whatever was there at that time, in that moment, was true.** By accepting this, his love *Honesty* To *Recognition* By giving in, the bitterness inside me subsided a little.

And then, when I told her about her *human limitations* When I saw him with my eyes, my gaze went towards myself.

I looked in the mirror and asked myself—

- *Didn't I make mistakes too?* Yes, of course.
- *Didn't I show too much affection?* I showed her my breath.
- *Haven't I also confined my entire world, my happiness, my existence to just one person?* Yes, I did. And it was my biggest mistake. I made my own happiness *remote control* I had given it into his hands.

And accepting that, **I was also responsible** For this situation, it used to break me the most.

Because when you don't forgive yourself, you lock yourself in the prison of that mistake, and you can't forgive anyone else either. You feel that forgiveness should be given to the one who *perfect* Yes, and you *perfect* Were not there.

I was very strict with myself. I punished myself every day.

I used to tell myself—

- *“Why were you so emotional? It would have been a little practical.”*
- *“Why did you start controlling her? You were taking away his freedom.”*
- *“Why did you bend so much? Why did you lose your self-respect?”*

Every question was a lash.

But then one day, when I was completely exhausted and broken, I spoke to myself differently. Like I would speak to my dearest, most innocent friend —without any *Decision* of, the whole *Sympathy* With.

I said to myself—

- *“You weren’t bad.”*
- *"You were just in love. You didn't wish anyone any harm."*
- *"You were just learning. This was your first big lesson."*

The heavy burden I'd been carrying for months fell to the ground like dry leaves falling from a tree. Suddenly, my shoulders felt lighter.

That day, for the first time, I forgave him. *from the heart* It wasn't, because the heart was still wounded. *by decision* It was a conscious decision that I would leave her for her *Crime* so that I myself may be freed from his *bond* I can be free from

And then, finally, I forgave myself. Wholeheartedly. For my childishness, for my mistakes, for my*overconfidence*For, for your weaknesses.

The final and most profound truth of this chapter:

Forgiveness is not for anyone else. Forgiveness always and forever.**It happens for itself**

Until you forgive, you remain stuck where you were left—at that broken point, amidst those painful memories.*past* Of *prisoner*You become it.

And I don't want to be stuck there anymore. I no longer*prisoner*I don't want to live like this.

I want to move forward.

With a light heart, unburdened by anger.
with a clear mind, in which*Self-blame*There should be no noise.

Forgiveness was my freedom.

CHAPTER 31: CHOOSING MYSELF THIS TIME

Choose yourself this time

To be honest, my whole life was a race where I always tried to cross the finish line for others. At every turn in my life, I chose every relationship, every person, over my own happiness, my own peace, and my own needs.

But to myself? Perhaps I never chose myself.

There was always one mantra running through my mind—*"I have to keep him happy,"*No matter how much I have to bend for it.*"Don't lose him,"*This fear had gripped my soul.*"Just be with him."*In this desire I lost my identity.

And in this constant cycle of "living for others," I gradually became so distant from myself that when I looked in the mirror, I felt like a stranger. I had forgotten that I too had boundaries, a wall that no one should cross. I too had needs, desires that didn't revolve solely around the relationship I was trying to save. I too had a life that couldn't exist as a satellite for someone else.
When that relationship ended, when everything fell apart in an instant, I was left completely alone for the first time. This loneliness was initially painful, like an empty room filled only with the echoes of my own cries. But this very loneliness became the greatest light in my life.

I felt myself. I saw how much I*gives*What remained—your time, your energy, your everything—and how much in return*asks for less*I realized that love isn't about selling your self-respect. Love isn't about giving up your freedom and boundaries just so another person can be with you.

I kept adjusting. I compromised on every small matter, big or small. I made myself smaller so the other person would feel bigger. And how foolish I was to think this sacrifice was true love.

But now I clearly understand the difference.

Love and sacrifice are two completely different things. True love gives oneself to another.*picks up*while my sacrifice keeps me*squeeze*I was. And in the same way, there's a world of difference between self-respect and ego. Self-respect is knowing your own worth; ego is not valuing others.

This time, I am choosing myself.

And this doesn't mean I'm selfish or that I don't care about anyone anymore. It just means I understand my value and my human rights.

If someone comes into my life, they will be mine*will not complete life*Because my

life is already complete—that's mine.*A beautiful part of an already complete life*It will happen. I will no longer go to a place where I have to prove my importance every moment, every day. I will no longer be in a relationship where I have to fight a battle every day to "stay," just to be together.

I now want a partner who chooses me—and she too*daily*, without any conditions, as if I choose it. I want this relationship to be a desire, not a habit.

This time, I'm setting my boundaries firmly.

I'm no longer letting my time and energy go to waste. I'm not letting my emotions become cheap, where anyone can just come and play with them and leave.
If someone ignores me, I will not make that person important by explaining myself to them. If someone says something about me*confused*(confused), then I will solve that confusion.*backup plan*I will not wait for him to become (an option).

For the first time, I find myself*second option*I'm preventing myself from becoming (another option). I know I*First option*He doesn't deserve anything less than (first option).

And this decision isn't easy to make. Even after loneliness, sometimes the heart slips away again, betrays—*“Maybe if he had adjusted a little more, he would have been fine.”*Come*“Maybe if I had stopped, everything would have been fine.”*

But then I remind myself right then—“You are here, in this loneliness, because you*adjust too much*I did. And if you do it again, the consequences will be the same."

The biggest truth of this chapter is this:

Choosing yourself is not against love.
Choosing yourself is against the insistence of a wrong relationship.

And when you muster the courage to choose yourself, your life slowly begins to clear up. People who understand your true value and respect your boundaries begin to come into your life.

I'm still healing. The wounds are still deep, but I'm no longer running after anyone in a broken state. Now, I'm only running towards myself.

I'm still in the process of healing myself. The wounds I've inflicted are still deep and the scars remain, but I've stopped chasing someone else, breaking myself for them. That race is over.
Now, all my energy and focus is on myself. This is a new journey where I'm focused solely on my own well-being and progress. I've realized that

I must first take care of myself and strengthen myself.
This time, I have made myself the center of my life, not anyone else. I am the sole master of my decisions, my happiness, and my growth. My priorities have shifted, and now I, not someone else, am the main character in my life's story. This is a new beginning of self-respect and self-reliance.

And this is where my new, free, and true story begins.

CHAPTER 32: BUILDING MYSELF FROM SCRATCH

creating oneself from nothing–

When everything was over, I felt like I had reached zero. It wasn't just a bad period; it was the complete destruction of the self I considered myself to be. The foundation had collapsed, leaving behind a void.

No relationships. No motivation. No confidence.I was completely alone. The supports of my life—emotional connection, the drive to achieve, the belief in my worth—had all vanished.

Just a man who had lost to himself.A man defeated not by the world, but by his own dependence. I was a casualty of a battle I didn't even realize I was fighting—the battle to define my identity independent of any other person.

Earlier I used to think that I was already made.I lived in a comfortable illusion of perfection. My self-worth was externally validated.

Because someone was in my life. Someone waited for me. Someone made me feel special. These weren't my inner qualities; they were reflections in someone else's mirror. Her presence was my structure, her affection my confidence, and her waiting my inspiration.

But when she left, I realized—I was nothing by myself. The mirror was removed, and I saw the horrifying truth: the man who stood there was hollow. I was a borrowed identity, a house built on someone else's land.

And this realization was very painful. It was a pain worse than heartbreak—the pain of self-discovery, of confronting my own weakness and lack of self-reliance. It felt like shedding the skin of an old lie.

But that also became my strength. Pain became my fuel. The depths of falling presented a unique opportunity: to create something unbreakable, something truly mine.

I decided—if I wanted to be strong again, I had to rebuild myself. From scratch. This decision was firm, a promise to myself. This wasn't a matter of repair; it was a matter of rebuilding. I had to go back to the blueprint, to the most fundamental elements of a human life, and start anew.

I started waking up early and working on my body. Walking, running, exercising. Discipline was the first brick. My body became the proving ground of my new willpower. I replaced self-pity with sweat. The act of pulling myself out of bed before dawn was a daily victory against the inertia of despair. The physical

pain of exercise was a healthy distraction from emotional pain, a reminder that I was still capable of feeling and enduring.

Initially, I didn't feel like it, but I forced myself. My mind offered a thousand excuses to sink back into the comfort of sadness. But I stood my ground. It was an internal war, and I used pure, relentless willpower to win every little battle.

Because I knew – either I would drown in the pain, or I would turn this pain into power. It was the binary choice of my existence. Drown in the bottomless ocean of grief, or harness its energy to propel my boat forward. I chose the latter, transforming grief into a reservoir of inexhaustible resilience.

I started focusing on my career, improving my skills, and setting new goals. The scattered energy that once revolved around "we" was now completely focused on "me." I read, I learned, I pushed boundaries in my professional life. Every new skill I acquired, every professional milestone I reached, was tangible proof that I was building value from within.

Before, I only thought about "a future with her." Now, I think about "my future."The story transformed from a co-authored destiny to a solo epic. The future was no longer a shared landscape, but a kingdom I was carving out for myself through my own ambition and vision.

I also changed my circle. Environments shape identity. I realized that the people I was with were either encouraging my stagnation or supporting my growth.

I distanced myself from those who only listened to me cry. I turned to those who gave me the energy to move forward.I distanced myself from the "vultures of suffering"—those who fueled my suffering. I sought out the "architects"—those who spoke of action, ambition, and the boundless possibilities of the future. Their energy was infectious, lifting me out of the emotional quagmire.

I started spending time with my family, with the people who would never leave me.I rediscovered the unconditional love of my family. They were the core, enduring foundation. Their presence was a powerful, quiet affirmation of my intrinsic worth, distinct from any romantic relationship.

And slowly, I started to regain confidence in myself. It wasn't a sudden flash of lightning, but a slow, earth-shattering shift. Confidence returned not through positive affirmations, but through concrete acts of self-discipline. Trusting myself to get up, to do the work, to endure—that's where true self-confidence was forged.

I used to look at myself in the mirror and think—"You're not weak." "You were just hurt." "You're growing now."My reflection was changing. The

defeated look was being replaced by the steady gaze of someone who was making progress. I was giving myself a new internal dialogue, replacing self-criticism with self-compassion and a determination to move forward.

Not every day was perfect. Not even today. The journey is not straightforward. There are days when old hurts surface, like a ghost from the past.

Sometimes I remember him again. Sometimes my heart becomes heavy again. Memories don't disappear; they lose their power. They are accepted, not enjoyed. The pain serves as a reminder of the depth of the experience, but it no longer guides day-to-day activities.

But now I don't get stuck there. This is the ultimate victory. The difference is the time spent in the darkness. I have built internal mechanisms to process the pain and redirect energy.

I work. I learn. I grow. This is the mantra of my new life. Action over reflection. Growth over stagnation. Forward is the only acceptable path.

Truth of this chapter:

Creating yourself isn't a one-day task. It's a daily decision. Self-creation is not a one-time event, but an ongoing commitment. It is the sum of thousands of small, deliberate decisions made under the weight of reluctance.

Wake up every day and say – “I will not give up today.”This is the final declaration of independence.

And I'm doing that every day. A little at a time. But daily. Progress is gradual, sometimes even invisible, but it is relentless. The man who was once nothing is now a work in progress, and that progress is the true definition of his strength.

CHAPTER 33: A NEW VERSION OF ME

I am a new version

Dawn of Change

I'm not the same person I was before. That weak, broken person is now just a faint memory. Time, and perhaps your indifference, has changed me. This change was painful, but necessary.

I no longer regret it. I have no complaints, no grievances. The days when my eyes would moisten at your memory and my heart would ache wondering why you left are over. I no longer wait for you. The threshold where my eyes searched for you every day has now become a new path. Waiting is no longer a shackle to that relationship, but a testament to my freedom.

When it doesn't matter to you whether I am there or not, then why should I remember you every day? This question rose from the depths of my heart and changed the course of my life. My existence was meaningless to you, so why should I waste my precious breaths remembering you?

Go. I won't even try to stop you. I won't even tell you what your departure has broken and shattered.

I don't love you anymore... at least I don't show it. Perhaps that feeling still lingers somewhere in my heart, but it's no longer my strength, no longer my weakness. I've hidden that love behind a veil, where it can't harm me.

Now I'm giving myself time. To heal my wounds, to pick up the broken pieces. Time to pick myself up. I'm giving myself the love I gave you. Time to understand myself. I'm discovering what I mean without you.

I try to distance myself from you. It doesn't come easily, every moment is a battle, but I refuse to give up. I'm building a wall so that your memories and your presence can't hurt my soul again.

I try my best to keep myself busy. My schedule no longer leaves any room for your memories.

I go to new places. In the silence of the mountains, in the sound of the ocean waves, I'm discovering myself. I explore new things. I learn new skills, I read new books. I meet new people. People who bring joy and positivity into my life, not the restlessness that your presence brought.

Just so I don't miss you. So my mind doesn't even turn to you.

So that I don't break down again. Because once was enough. I won't be able to bear the pain a second time.

restore old form

I'm slowly trying to go back to the old days. The days when my world was all mine. The way I was before you came along.

Busy with myself. Happy in my own world. Without waiting for anyone. The me who was free, who only chased my dreams.

Now I'm dreaming new dreams. Dreams that are mine alone, without a trace of you. I'm thinking about my dreams. I'm giving them a new shape. I'm working hard for them. I'm working day and night so that tomorrow will be mine.

I'm building my future. I'm strengthening my foundation.

Not to impress anyone. Not to show you that I can be happy without you. For myself. Because I'm the hero of my own life now.

The untold truth of the heart

But the truth is this… I will not lie.

I still love you very much. The love I felt for you has left a deep mark, one that may be impossible to erase.

Even today, sometimes your name echoes in my heart. A faint sound, an old song, a past place—and I remember you.

Even today, sometimes I feel like—

Maybe you'll come back. This is the last hope that lies hidden somewhere in the heart of every heartbroken lover.

Perhaps you would say, "I made a mistake." And my heart still beats for this one sentence.

I still wait for you… quietly. Without making any noise, without telling anyone. This waiting has become a habit, a companion to my loneliness.

I still love you. And I probably always will. Some relationships don't end with time and distance; they just take on new forms.

You were my first love. And probably my last. First loves are always the most special, no matter what the outcome.

Whether you love me or not. Whether I meet you or not. Your place in my heart will always remain.

You will always be the most beautiful part of my story. A chapter I will read again and again, but I will never drown in it again.

Final Difference

But the difference is this much-

I don't want to lose myself in that story anymore. I still consider you a part of my life, but I can't give you my whole life anymore.

Now I'll love... but first. Self-love is my top priority. If I'm not happy myself, how can I make someone else happy?

The reality of this chapter

I'm healing. Time heals all wounds. But I'm not lying. I'm not pretending I don't care. It hurts, but I can handle it now.

I'm becoming stronger... but I'm not turning into stone. I'll remain human, with feelings. I'll be able to love again, but now I'm wiser. And that's my biggest change

CHAPTER 34: LOVE, REDEFINED

.**A New Definition of Love - A New Way of Relationship The Illusion of Sacrifice:**

For years, a false, almost romanticized idea of love ruled my world. I honestly believed that loving meant enduring everything,'**Staying together at all costs**'This definition rested on a shaky foundation of difficulty:

- **Enduring pain:**It was a misunderstanding that true love*difficult*It must be that its worth is measured by the depth of pain one is willing to endure for it.
- **Accepting humiliation:**I had mistaken love for permission to be disrespected, thinking that ignoring insults was a sign of great devotion.
- **losing myself:**The biggest mistake was believing that love required a complete sacrifice of myself—my identity, my health, my inner voice.

I used to preach,**"Love is sacrifice, and sacrifice has no limit."**I used to consider myself the ultimate giver, a tireless martyr. But today, with the clarity gained from painful growth, I recognize that this definition was not only incomplete, but also toxic.**The structure of healthy love**

This definition has undergone a profound change. Now, love is not about breaking oneself; it is about building a relationship while maintaining the integrity of both individuals.

Love is no more:

- **Losing your dignity:**It is a partnership of equals, where mutual respect is the entry fee, not a negotiable condition.
- **Breaking your boundaries:**Boundaries are the walls that define the self; they protect the relationship, preventing one person from dominating the other.
- **Hiding your needs:**In a mature relationship, it's important to clearly express your needs, trusting that a loving partner will respect them and try to fulfill them.

Today, love means two people who are together, but are not separated from each other. It's a beautiful paradox of being deeply connected and yet remaining completely independent and whole.**From Fear to Trust: Eliminating the Love Test**

My past relationships were often clouded by a debilitating fear of abandonment, making love a series of anxious trials:

- *"You will choose me, right?"*
- *"You'll wait, right?"*
- *"You won't leave me, will you?"*

This constant need for trust had created a heavy burden, a suffocating grip. Today, the feeling is clear:**Where there is so much fear, there is less love and more insecurity.**Fear and control are the opposite of love.

Now, my approach is fundamentally different. If I love someone, it won't be with chains or a safety net.

- **I will not be there to stop them.**
- **I will not be there to tie them up.**

Instead, the foundation**I'll give her space, trust her, and importantly, I'll give myself the same grace.**It is this freedom that allows true love to flourish, not fear.**Essential Flow: Learning to Receive**

My old pattern was a one-way flow of giving: time, energy, priorities, dreams. I gave so much that I forgot to take care of myself, and most importantly, me.**receive** forgot.

Healthy love, I now know, flows two ways. When this balance is upset, the dynamics shift to something less nutritious:

- **One-sided giving is an imbalance:**If I'm the only one giving, then it's not love.**imbalance**It's a giver-taker dynamic, not a partnership.
- **The waiting dependency is:**If I'm the only one waiting, then that's not loyalty.**dependency**Waiting for crumbs isn't devotion; it's a lack of self-respect.
- **Constantly explaining is a one-sided effort:**If I am the only one explaining, then that is not maturity,**one-sided effort**A healthy relationship understands implicitly; it doesn't need constant, exhausting explanations.

The path of courage and dialogue

The new definition of love I want is one where communication is sacred and problems are faced directly, not avoided.

I will choose that love**Where things don't end quietly.**Where**“I need time”**The phrase is not a silent, cowardly disappearing act, leaving the other person in uncertainty.

When problems arise, the adult, loving response is:**It should be solved by sitting and not by running away.**It is a commitment to sitting in the discomfort, working together through the challenge.**New Power: Gentle, Loyal, and Whole**

I still strongly believe in love, but it's an informed belief—**Not in blindness**

- **I am still soft, but not weak.**My tenderness is empathy, not vulnerability to manipulation.
- **I'm still loyal, but not desperate.**My loyalty is a choice, not a desperate clinging to escape loneliness.

And the most important foundation of this new structure is self-love:**I love myself now.**This is the final precondition.**Because unless I respect myself, no one else will either.**Self-esteem is a blueprint for how others are allowed to treat you.**Truth in this chapter: The final redefinition**

The new meaning of love is not the desperate search for another person—**No one would get**

Love has a new meaning—**To keep yourself from losing yourself, and then to walk away with the right person.**

It's about becoming the secure, whole person you need to be, and then inviting the right person to walk with you on that journey.

And final peace, the true measure of my newborn perfection:**And if that person ever comes or doesn't come… I'm fine.**

Because today I am complete.I am whole, regardless of any outward appearance. This self-sufficiency is the ultimate form of love—love that begins and ends with the self, ready to share, but never needing to depend on a partner for its existence.

CHAPTER 35: IF SHE EVER READS THIS

if he ever reads this:

If you ever read this... If you, yes, you, have reached the pages of this book, I'm not expecting anything strange from you. I know your fingers might be fidgeting, and your eyes might be filled with the same old question marks. But wait. I'm not asking you for any answers.

I don't want any explanation from you—any explanation as to why you left. No justification as to why your decision was right. And most importantly—I don't want a promise from you to come back.

There are just a few things that have lingered in some untouched corner of my heart for years, without making a fuss. Today, I want to set them free.

You were a beautiful part of my life, and that always will be.

Our relationship, so deep, was like a vacation—short, but filled with beautiful memories. The moments we shared weren't founded on lies. They were real, as real as the way I felt about you at that moment. And the love we shared was never weak. It was immense, but perhaps the timing and circumstances were wrong.

Actually, it wasn't anyone's fault. We just weren't "ready" for each other at the same time, in the same place. You had to move on, and I was probably still stuck in the past.

The difference between love and sacrifice

I loved you perhaps more than you can imagine. And when one loves too much, the sound of their breaking is louder. Yes, I broke more because I had a bigger stake—I had everything on you.

And you? You desired less. Or perhaps your desires were more practical. Perhaps that's why you were able to move forward faster, because there was less burden in your path.

No one wins in this. I didn't lose because I was left alone, nor did you win because you moved ahead. These are simply the stories of two different people, destined to meet at the same crossroads and then take different paths. We were two people experiencing the same story in different ways. For one, it was a destination, for the other, it was just a beautiful journey.

forgiveness and freedom

If I ever had a desire for you *pressure* You have become yours, if I knowingly or unknowingly *freedom* If I have done the least, or the most difficult—to understand you, to recognize your suffering, *Late* If you did, please forgive me with all your heart. My love was true, his intentions were pure, but his presentation *perfect* Was not there.

And if you left me without a word, if you *without trying* You walked away, you didn't even try to make the 'effort' that binds two people, so I forgive you too. My forgiveness isn't out of anger or compulsion. It's out of 'understanding'—the understanding that every person bears their own responsibilities, and sometimes being left alone is a kind of freedom.

I am fine today

Don't worry. I'm fine today. I'm not stuck in any rut. I'm living my life. I've been *I am learning* I, every day *I am growing*

Your memory is mine now *weakness* She is no more. *my history* And the job of history is to tell us *remind* what we did and where we went wrong, but his work *prevent* I'm moving on, leaving that beautiful chapter of yours behind.

If you're ever happy, if there's a sparkle in your eyes, I really *It would be nice* And if you ever feel sad, if the world wearies you, just remember this—you never *with all my heart* There was someone who loved you, someone who found his happiness in your happiness.

And that... was me.

And whether we ever meet again or not, it doesn't matter. I'm yours, always. *thankful* I am grateful for the time you gave me.

Because that time taught me the greatest truth—that love means *lose oneself* And life doesn't have meaning only for one person. *shrink* I don't. Life is much bigger than you, and my dreams are much bigger than your share.

Closure is not available. It cannot be asked from others. **Closure is made.**

And today, writing these words, remembering you, amidst all the tears I will no longer hide, I wrote my own closure. It's over. This unfinished part of our story is now complete. **To move forward.**

— Yours

EPILOGUE:

Not in People, Not in Love — But in You

CHAPTER 36: WHERE IS HAPPINESS?

Where is happiness?

When I started writing this book, I had only one question that kept echoing in my heart and mind—

Where does happiness lie? Is it a place, or a person?

What happiness lies hidden—

In the presence of someone special?
In the warmth of a strong relationship?
In the soft whisper of a loving voice that reaches your ears?
Or, in the promise someone makes to stay together forever?

I admit, and I admit it today—I made a big mistake. I always considered happiness**Outside**Found it.

I searched for him...
His little messages that made my day.
Every moment I spent with him, that seemed to stop.
In his saying, “I am here,” that would erase every fear.

And when she left one day, I felt—as if not only she had gone, but**my happiness**She too departed this world with him. I was left completely alone and empty.

But today, when I pause and look back, I see a great truth that I couldn't see before.

There was never any happiness in him.

It was just a feeling, a sweet one.*feeling*-What I do when I'm with her,*company*I used to feel it. And we all know that*Feelings*So they keep changing. They come and go when the time comes; they have no stability.

Happiness is actually**In my own habits**She used to hide things, which I never corrected.

Keep running away from your own responsibilities, from your own sorrows.
Depend on someone else for your needs and happiness**depend** stay.
your own*value*Forgetting your importance.

As long as I was doing all this, no matter who I was with—I**Really**I can't be

happy. He's just a*temporary*There was happiness.

but today? Today I am just and only**with myself** am.

I am not saying that I*perfect*I am done.
I'm not even saying that I*complete*I am done.

But yes, I**present am**I am living in today.

I no longer wake up in the morning and wait impatiently for someone to come or someone to return.
I no longer fear someone walking away before I go to sleep at night.

I **your happiness**I no longer give the key to anyone else. I now have that key.

Yes, there's life. Sometimes I'm sad.
Sometimes I miss him a lot.

But now I**I do not break**, does not disintegrate.

Because now I know this profound truth—

Happiness is not a place we arrive at.
Happiness is not about one person we can depend on.

Happiness is a decision*decision*) it occurs.

Open your eyes every morning and**Choosing (*choose*)**decision of.
Own your life, own your dreams**make (*build*)**decision of.
Your inner pain, your weaknesses**understand**decision of.
And then, daringly**Moving forward**decision of.

If you are reading this and you too are going through a bad time at some point in your life,**you have broken down**—

So just keep one thing in your heart –

Your happiness is your own choice**starting with you** it occurs.
and its limits**It ends with you** it occurs.

Whether someone comes into your life or not.
Someone may stay with you or leave you.

You stay.

only and only**For yourself.**

This is where real happiness lies.-----When I started writing this book, I had only one fundamental question—**Where does happiness lie?**

To tell you the truth, as long as you were with me... I used to think only about you.

My mornings used to start with thinking about you.
My nights ended with your memories.
And every moment in between was also yours.

And even today... I won't lie... sometimes I miss you.

When you were with me, I was truly happy. My life was so much fun, like a long, beautiful vacation.

A new one every day**Excitement (*excitement*)**It was full.
A strong one at every moment**Reason (*reason*)** Was *smile*To do.

I am my own dream, my own*ambitions*leaving it completely**lost in your dreams** Was.

I was think-

yours *future*only mine*future* Is.
Your happiness is my only happiness.

And I was happy with that. I was really satisfied.

But when you left...

So only you did not go.

All my dreams that I had with you, in one stroke**Broke down.**

I from inside**fallen.**I was on the ground.

Then one day, in excruciating pain, I**woken up.**

And then it dawned on me—that I had forgotten how to live my own life. I had become just a part of your life.

Today, when I look back at that time, I feel –

That time, that relationship was very beautiful, its memories are sweet, but I do not find myself in it.**getting lost**He was erasing his identity.

And now...

Now I again**Your destination (*aim*)**I am moving towards, towards my goal.

I slowly tear myself away**Rebuild (*rebuild*)**I have been.

One by one,**gradually.**
One by one, the stairs**step by step (*Step by step*)**

I now have a fresh**Like** Is-
New things*explore* to do.

New **thoughts (*ideas*)**To read.
New **places (*places*)**Go to.
New **Use (*experiments*)** to do.

I like some**Make (*create*)**
something new**Learn (*learn*)**
Anything else **apart *try* to do.**

And perhaps it was because of this deep feeling that I wrote this book.

so that I can do something**New *try***I can do something that is only mine.
so that I can find myself**I can get it again**, so that I can find my true identity.
so that I can make my**I can find the voice**, which was lost somewhere.

Today I like-
Finding new places where I can go alone.
Traveling alone, without waiting for anyone.
Spending time with yourself, giving time to yourself.

The truth is this—

Today I am as open as before**Laugh**Perhaps I've forgotten. That carefreeness isn't there yet.

But I'm into the little things**I am learning to find happiness.**

In a sip of strong morning tea.
In the cool evening breeze.
To the tune of a good song.
some unknown person (*stranger*)'s smile.

I **Perfect (*perfect*) I am not.**
I absolutely **full of wounds (*healed*) I am not either.**

But I**I am alive.**I am not giving up.

And me **Effort (*try*) I am doing.**

Everyday. Every new day.

Sometimes I miss you.
Sometimes my heart becomes very heavy.

But now I'm there**It does not break.**I recover.

Because now I know—

Happiness does not reside in one person.
Happiness is not found in just one relationship.

Happiness lies in the fact that you*life*again to**Stand up.**

badly**By falling.**
badly**By breaking.**
to the fullest**Cry tax.**
and dare again**Get up.**

Today I believe this –

you are mine*life*most of**Important Chapters (*important chapter*)** Was.
But you are mine**The entire book**Was not there.

You taught me the sweet feeling of love.
You taught me the depth of pain.
And most importantly, you gave me**Recognizing oneself**Taught.

So today I**Express gratitude (*thanks*)** Will do.

Without any anger.
Without any complaints.
If you ever read this...
So just know this –
With your memory, but your**Without waiting.**

And whatever it is**is reading**—
If you are also broken somewhere, giving up...
So remember—

yours **best look (*best version*)**It is yet to come.
Your best story is yet to begin.

Don't lose heart (*don't give up*)

Happiness is not somewhere far away, outside.

happiness is right here- **right inside you,This is where happiness lies.**

Not in People, Not in Love — But in You

—Yaswant Pandey

BACK COVER BLURB

When that person,
Who was once your whole world,
Suddenly disappears from your life—
So what happens?

You get lost.
You feel empty.
You start asking yourself questions—
On your love,
At your cost,
On your future.

Where Is Happiness? – When Love Leaves, You Find Yourself
Of love, attachment, brokenness and rebuilding oneself.

This book is not about blaming anyone.
It's about understanding yourself.

From restless nights to
To silent tears,
from emotional breakdowns
until I rebuild myself—
This book takes you through every stage of heartbreak.

If you have ever loved passionately,
Lost with pain,
And even today, we are looking for a way forward.
Then this book is for you.

Because happiness
It does not exist in any human being.

Happiness,
It happens inside you.